THE CARS · TWELFTH NIGHT · BON JOVI

April 5–18 No.65 70p

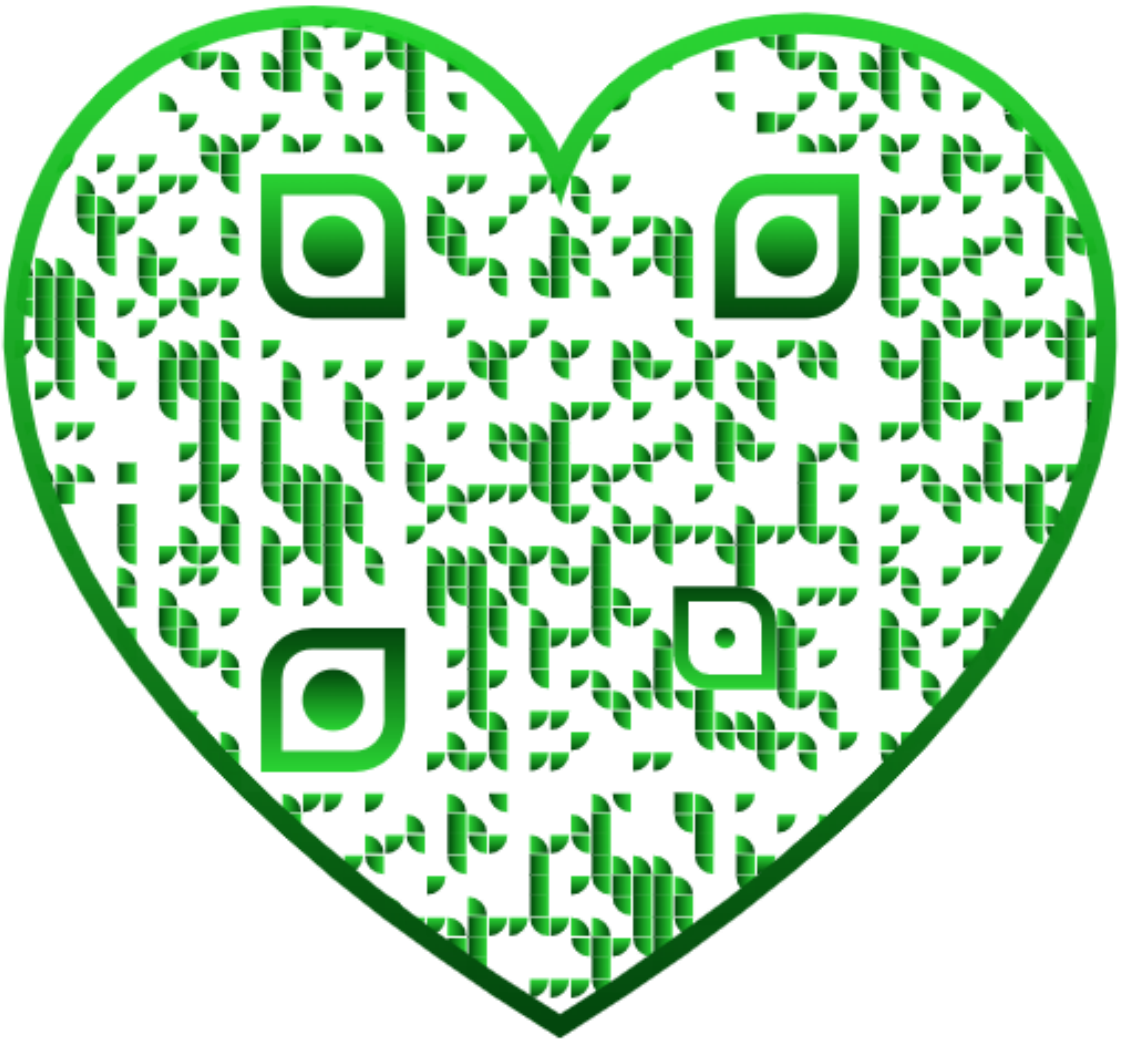
KERRANG!

W.A.S.P– ANIMAL MAGNETISM

EXCLUSIVE RUSH ALBUM REVIEW!

BLACKIE LAWLESS: Pic Ross Halfin

MOTÖRHEAD · SAMSON · DAVID GILMOUR



■ LOS ANGELES quintet **Rough Cutt** have signed a deal with Warner Bros. The band intend to begin work on their debut album in late April. As yet no producer has been chosen.

■ IN THE recent feature on rock videos (*'Screen Dreams'*, issue 63), it was inadvertently stated that **Queen's** 'Radio Ga Ga' video was produced and directed by **Mike Mansfield**. In fact, it was produced by **Jackie Byford** and directed by **David Mallet**.

■ A CHANGE in policy and an expansion of operations have been effected by Bronze Records. The label will now issue solely heavy rock product and is in the throes of opening an American office, to be based in New York. US distribution will be handled by Island.

The Bronze roster presently includes the re-vamped **Motorhead, Bronz** and **Manfred Mann**. They are currently on the lookout for more acts to add to the list and one of the first signings under this new regime looks like being Mancunian band **Kicks**, reportedly a British equivalent of the **Tubes**.

■ **'THROUGH THE FIRE'**, the album recorded by **HSAS (Hagar/Schon/Aaronson/Shrieve)** last year in San Francisco, is currently scheduled for UK release on May 8. It's on the Geffen label, distributed by Epic.

■ SCOTTISH PROGRESSIVE band **Chasar** have just issued a cassette album on the MPM label. Self-titled, it's available for £3 (inclusive of postage and packaging) from: **2 Pitfairn Rd, Fish Cross, Alloa, Clacks SK10 3HO**.

■ **MACH ONE** have just released a cassette album on the Granite Bap label. Titled **'Six Of One'**, it's available for £1.75 (incl. p&p) from: **7 Balmoral Gdns, London W13 9UA**.

■ **FOREIGNER** ARE currently recording their fifth album. It's being co-produced by guitarist **Mick Jones** and **Alex Sadkin**, who has recently worked with the **Thompson Twins**.

■ **HEAVY PETTIN'S** self-titled debut album has just been issued in America on the Polydor label. It's been re-mixed by **Mark Dearnley** at the Roundhouse Studios in London.

The band have just started their first US tour with **Accept** and **Saxon**. Following this short trek, the Glasgow quintet are expected to support **Mötley Crüe** on the latter's first headlining US trek.

■ **STEELEYE SPAN** have just issued a compilation album titled **'The Best Of Steeleye Span'** on the Chrysalis label. Featured tracks include **'Gaudete'**, **'All Around My Hat'**, **'Thomas The Rhymer'**, **'Alison Gross'** and **'Bach Goes To Limerick'**.

■ TORONTO BAND **Honeymoon Suite** issue their self-titled debut album on the Warner Bros label in Canada during late April. It is likely to be available in Britain/America a month later.

Produced by **Tom Tremeuth** (who has also worked with **Helix** among others), it has the following track listing: **'New Girl Now'**, **'Stay In The Light'**, **'Wave Babies'**, **'Hearts On Fire'**, **'Turn My Head'**, **'Face To Face'**, **'Burning In Love'**, **'It's Your Heart'**, **'Now That You Got Me'**, **'Funny Business'**.

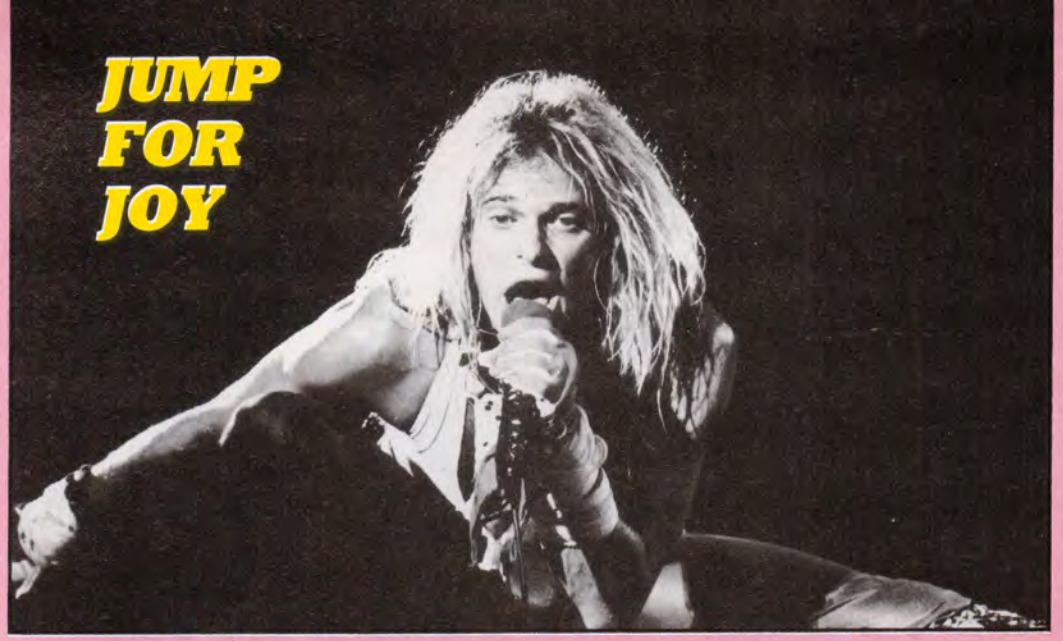
■ ALTHOUGH THERE'S no news to date on **Wendy O. Williams** signing a record deal, we can now reveal the full track listing for her solo album: **'I Love Sex & Rock & Roll'**, **'It's My Life'**, **'Thief In The Night'**, **'Priestess'**, **'Opus In Cm^7'**, **'Ready To Rock'**, **'Ain't None Of Your Business'**, **'Legends Never Die'**, **'Bump & Grind'**. As yet, no title has been selected for the LP.

■ DANISH BAND **Anger** are currently working on a four-track EP at Feedback Studios in Esbjerg. Titled **'Metal Attack'**, the track listing is: **'Tale Of The Sword'**, **'Black Knight'**, **'Death Before Dishonour'** and **'Overheated'**. It's likely to be issued during late April/early May on the Metal label in Denmark.

The band's line-up is **Steve Hunter** (bass), **Ron Ashley** (guitar), **'Body' Botham** (vocals) and **Mr BK** (drums).

■ THE LATEST **Golden Earring** album, **'N.E.W.S'**, is to be issued on the Carrere label at the end of May.

JUMP FOR JOY



■ *AS EXCLUSIVELY revealed in* Kerrang! *(see* Mayhem *issue 63),* ***Van Halen – Dave Lee Roth*** *pictured above – will be appearing second on the bill to* ***AC/DC*** *at this year's Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock Festival to be held on August 18. As yet, no other bands have been confirmed.*

Van Halen release a new single through Warner Bros on April 20. The A-side is 'I'll Wait', whilst the flip features 'Top Jimmy'. Both tracks are from the current '1984' album, which also spawned the band's recent Top Ten hit, 'Jump'.

There are also unconfirmed reports that the Los Angeles quartet will follow up their Donington appearance with a headlining European tour, though further British shows seem unlikely.

MEANWHILE, continuing on the festival front, ***Status Quo*** *have announced that they will be headlining an outdoor gig at* ***Milton Keynes Bowl*** *on July 20. This is scheduled to be their last show in the UK.*

Tickets are priced at £10 and are available from agencies across the country.

Alternatively, they can be obtained by post from ***MCP Ltd*** *(to whom all cheques/postal orders should be made payable) at the following address:* ***PO Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands.***

The band have also added a third night at Birmingham NEC on May 27.

MAYHEM

GET YOUR WINGS

■ ***ANGEL,*** *the Los Angeles quintet who despite their Metal/pop prowess never attained more than cult status, are back on the scene.*

Keyboards player ***Greg Giuffria*** *(pictured left) has 're-formed' the band, although he is the only original member in the new line-up, which includes ex-***Rough Cutt*** *guitarist* ***Craig Goldie****. Information on this outfit remains rather sparse at present, however they* are *working on new material.*

In the meantime, former Angel vocalist ***Frank Dimino*** *(right) and drummer* ***Barry Brandt*** *have put together an as-yet unnamed band, featuring guitarists* ***Jeff Labanski/Mark Turan*** *plus bassist* ***Ron Murray****.*

There's no word, though, on the current whereabouts of original Angel guitarist ***Punky Meadows*** *nor indeed of the two bassists involved with the group during the Seventies,* ***Mickey Jones*** *and* ***Felix Robinson****.*

BLOOD BROTHER

■ *AS EXCLUSIVELY revealed in issue 64,* ***Thor*** *(pictured above) returns to Britain to play two shows at the* ***London Marquee Club*** *on* ***May 8/9****. These are likely to be his only UK dates on this visit.*

Ultra Noise are planning to rush-release a new single by the Mighty Mayhem Merchant to tie in with these gigs. The A-side will feature the previously unavailable ***'Let The Blood Run Red'*** *(produced by Thor), whilst the flip is to contain a track (as yet not chosen) from his 'Unchained' album. It is to be issued in picture disc and 12" forms.*

■ DRUMMER **ACE FINCHAM** has left **Tranzzam**. He is presently looking for a new position and any band wishing to contact him should phone: **Thetford 860 915**.

■ **THE PRETTY THINGS,** one of *the* seminal Sixties rock bands, recently recorded a live album at Eesy Studios in London before a specially invited audience.

The band taped versions of many old favourites such as **'Big Boss Man'/'Rosalyn'/'Honey I Need'**, plus a couple of new numbers, one of which, **'The Young Pretender'**, is likely to be re-recorded in a studio setting for possible release as a single. As yet the album (produced by **Tom Newman**) remains untitled but negotiations are currently under way with at least one major label for its release.

The group's present line-up is **Phil May** (vocals), **Dick Taylor** (guitar), **Joe Shaw** (guitar), **John Clarke** (drums), **Dave Wintour** (bass), **Dave Wilkie** (keyboards) and **Kevin Flannigan** (saxophone). It's expected the septet will tour later on this year.

■ **ERIC CLAPTON** is currently recording a new album in Monserrat. It's being produced by **Phil Collins**.

■ **JOHN WAITE'S** new album, **'Euroshima'**, is now expected to be issued on the EMI label worldwide in early June. Among the tracks set to appear are: **'Restless Hearts', 'Tears', 'Target Town', 'Euroshima', 'Saturday Night', 'For Your Love'** and **'Missing You'**. The last-named song is likely to be put out as a single.

■ LOS ANGELES quintet **White Sister** are currently recording their debut album with producer **Steve MacMillan** at Tender Studios in LA. As yet untitled, it's expected to be issued on the EMI/Enigma label during June/July.

■ **VENOM** have signed a Canadian record deal with Banzai, distributed by Polygram. The first release under this new deal will be the **'At War With Satan'** album, due to be put out within the next few weeks. It's expected that Banzai will follow this up by issuing the trio's previous two LPs, *viz* **'Welcome To Hell'** and **'Black Metal'**.

Venom are also negotiating with two major labels in the USA and a deal should be signed imminently. STOP PRESS: Venom will be playing London Hammersmith Odeon on May 28.

■ LONDON QUINTET **Grand Prix** have parted company with Chrysalis. The band released one album, 'Samurai', during their brief tenure with the label and supported **Iron Maiden** on the UK leg of the 'World Piece Tour'.

The band are currently negotiating with another major label and hope to announce a new deal in the near future. And drummer **Clive Edwards** has now been confirmed as a permanent member of the line-up.

■ DUTCH BAND **Highway Chile** have just completed work on their second album. Titled **'Rock & Roll Blitzkrieg'**, it was co-produced by **Shell Schellekens** (who recently worked on **Golden Earring's** 'N.E.W.S' album) and **Al Vandergaarde**, who was at the helm for the outfit's previous LP, 'Storybook Heroes'.

The album is likely to be issued during May on 21 Records in the Benelux countries and Mirus in America.

Drummer **Ernst Van Ee**, meantime, has just left Highway Chile, allegedly due to 'musical differences'. The band are currently auditioning potential replacements and are also on the lookout for a versatile musician who can turn their hand to guitar, keyboards and vocals.

■ HAVING RECENTLY parted company with Elektra Records, the **Eric Martin Band** are currently negotiating with several other major labels and it's likely a deal will be finalised in the near future.

In the meantime, EMB had a recent boost when they walked off with awards for the **'Best Debut Album'** and **'Best Club Act'** at the Seventh Annual Bammy Awards held at the San Francisco Civic.

These awards are promoted by the SF magazine *Bay Area Music (BAM)*. Artists from the Bay Area are nominated in each category by various members of the music industry and voted for by the readers of the magazine. Other winners include **Night Ranger's Brad Gillis ('Best Guitarist'), Journey's Ross Valory ('Best Bassist'), Tubes' Prairie Prince ('Best Drummer'), Grace Slick ('Best Female Vocalist'), Tubes ('Best Song' – 'She's A Beauty'), Huey Lewis & The News ('Best Male Vocalist'/'Best LP' – 'Sports'/'Best Group'/'Bay Area Musician Of The Year')**.

■ AMERICAN TRIO **Jon Butcher Axis** have just issued their second album on the Polydor label in America. Titled **'Stare At The Sun'**, it was produced and engineered by **Pat Moran** at Rockfield Studios in South Wales. The full track listing is:

Side one: **'Wind It Up', 'Victims', 'Dreams Fade Away', 'Stay Low', 'Can't Tell The Dancer From The Dance'**.

Side two: **'Don't Say Goodnight', 'Walk On The Moon', 'Call To Arms', 'Eros Arriving'** (written by **Bill Nelson**), **'Breakout'**.

With the exception of 'Eros Arriving', all songs were penned by **Jon Butcher**.

Continues over

GLEN: 'WHY I LEFT MSG . . .'

■ *IN THE wake of his recent departure from* ***MSG*** *(see* Mayhem, *issue 64), bassist* ***Chris Glen*** *(above left) has now given his version of events.*

Apparently, whilst the split is amicable, 'musical differences' were, for once, not the reason he made the decision to go.

"I actually left at the end of February, having given a week's warning. The band had been drifting apart since the end of the UK tour and, in real terms, has ceased to be a group. ***Michael (Schenker*** *– above right) has come more to the fore in recent months with the result that the rest of the guys are now very much in the background. It's a turn of events that the management* ***(CCC)*** *have had some hand in creating.*

"And, since he gave up drinking (in August), Michael is a changed man."

On top of this, Glen objected when a request for his wife and children to be flown out from England to join him briefly on part of MSG's ongoing US tour (they'd been apart for two months) was turned down. This was despite Schenker having his girlfriend on the road at the time.

A spokesman for the CCC organisation did admit that Schenker is now far more in the spotlight than hitherto. "Since he dried himself out, Michael has become more animated onstage and therefore lives up more to his status as a guitar legend. But in no way is anyone trying to turn the other members of MSG into mere backing musicians.

"As far as Chris' wife is concerned, the issue is a rather complex one and anything I say can only reflect badly on a man who worked his ass off for the band whilst he was a member. Chris Glen is a great fella and still on very friendly terms with Michael. Who knows, he might one day re-join him (a possibility Glen pretty much rules out). So, the less said about the personal side of this affair the better."

Glen's immediate plans remain rather nebulous. At one point, there was talk that he might hook up with ***Ted Nugent*** *but this, apparently, was never seriously considered. Currently, he is doing session work with various luminaries, including ex-****Back Street Crawler*** *vocalist* ***Terry Slesser*** *– who was employed by MSG as a backing singer on their last European tour! The bassist (who, in the past, has had offers from such diverse personalities as the* ***Sex Pistols, Rat Scabies*** *and* ***Phil Lynott****) is now free of all managerial/recording/contractual obligations (he is signed, though, to Warner Bros Publishing) and is anxious to join an active gigging band.*

MAYHEM!

from previous page

■ JUST AFTER issue 64 went to press, *Kerrang!* was informed that the 'Hell On Earth Tour', featuring the **Rods/Metallica/Exciter** and supported by this magazine, had been cancelled.

Apparently, this decision was taken by the booking agents, The Agency, due to early ticket sales for most venues being disappointing.

"There is just too much going on gig-wise at the moment," said a spokesman for The Agency. "It seems as if this particular tour suffered badly as a consequence. We left this decision as long as possible in order to give business a chance to pick up, but at the end of the day we had to reluctantly cancel all the shows."

Unfortunately, the announcement came too late to prevent *Kerrang!* from running a coupon offering £1 off admission prices. Therefore, we had to content ourselves with making a very brief 'stop press' mention of this cancellation in the last issue. Naturally, we apologise to those fans who turned up at venues across Britain expecting to use this coupon to help gain entry. Matters were simply out of our hands.

■ **FASTWAY** ISSUE a new single through CBS on April 30. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'The Stranger'** on the A-side and **'Hurtin' Me'** on the flip, whilst the latter also contains an extra track, *viz* **'Tell Me'**.

'Tell Me' and 'The Stranger' will be included on the band's second album, **'All Fired Up'**, which is now scheduled for release on June 11.

■ **ELECTRIC SUN** issue their first album on the EMI label in May, although no specific release date has been set. As yet untitled, it was produced by **Uli Jon Roth** and recorded at Music Works in London/Horus Studios in Hanover. It was mixed at Advision in London.

Among the titles which will appear are: **'Son Of Sky'**, **'Why?'**, **'Angel Of Peace'**, **'Icebreaker'**, **'I'll Be There'**, **'I'm A River'**.

■ THE MEGAFORCE label are about to expand their operations. Plans are well underway for a comic book series, the first issue of which is likely to come out in June.

Aimed at providing information on the label and its bands, this fantasy comic will feature all Megaforce bands in superhero settings. The linking characters in the saga will be **Metal Man** and his sidekick **Bangor**, whose mission it is to travel the world getting airplay for Power Metal. Their adversaries are the fiendish **Major Label** and his cohort **ARN**, an **R2D2**-style android. All characters will be drawn by **Anthrax** drummer **Charlie Bernante**.

Back in the recording world, the label is currently putting together a four-band compilation. Featuring **The Beast** (a four-piece from Asbury Park in New York), **Karnal Sin** (a trio from Port Jervis, New York), **Sneak Attack** (a quintet from New Jersey) and **Hades** (a quintet from New Jersey), each act will have 12 minutes of vinyl time. All the music will be produced by **Paul Curcio** and engineered by **Chris Bubascz** (the team responsible for **Metallica's** 'Kill 'Em All' opus last year) at Music America Studios in Rochester, NY.

It's expected the album will be issued in early May and is likely to have a 'controversial' cover photo featuring a woman breastfeeding a 'Baby' Flying V in an HM-orientated nursery!

In the meantime, on April 29 **TT Quick** begin work on their debut album, which is to be produced by **Carl Canedy**, and engineered by Bubascz at Pyramid Studios. As yet no release date has been set, although it will come out on MF subsidiary Avalanche.

Just to complete the MF picture **Raven** and **Anthrax** (plus Atlantic act **Demon**) begin a 40-50 date US tour in late April, playing 2-3,000 capacity venues. And there's a strong chance that various Megaforce bands will appear at an outdoor festival to be held on a university campus in New Jersey during August.

■ IN THE wake of bassist **Greg Lake**'s recent departure from **Asia** (see *Mayhem*, issue 63), **John Wetton** is now back rehearsing with the band. However, no final decision has been made as to whether he will be re-joining on a permanent basis.

■ *KERRANG!* READERS' female pin-up of '83 **Lita Ford** issues her second solo album through Mercury on May 11. Titled **'Lita Ford'**, it was produced by **Lance Quinn** and has the follow track listing:

Side one: **'Gotta Let Go'**, **'Dancing On The Edge'**, **'Dressed To Kill'**, **'Hit & Run'**.

Side two: **'Lady Killer'**, **'Still Waiting'**, **'Fire In My Heart'**, **'Don't Let Me Down Tonight'**, **'Run With The Money'**.

'Gotta Let Go' is released as a single on April 20. And the svelte sonic seductress is likely to do a UK tour in late May/early June, although as yet no dates have been confirmed.

TOUR DATES

YES *(above) return to Britain in July to play their first shows here in four years: London Wembley Arena July 11, Birmingham NEC 14.*

Tickets are priced at £8.50/£7.50 for the London date and are available through the usual agencies. They can also be obtained by post. A postal order (made payable to ***'MAC Promotions'****) should be sent to:* ***Yes, MAC Promotions, PO Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ****. A 30p booking fee should be included, plus an SAE. Credit card bookings can also be made.*

For Birmingham tickets are £7.50/£6.50/£5.50 and can be obtained from the NEC box office and usual agencies. Credit card facilities are available by calling: ***021 780 2516****.*

IQ *continue their Spring tour with the following dates: Cambridge City Limits April 6, Tonypandy Royal Naval Club 7, Watford Verulam Heads 11, Preston Clouds 20, Dudley JB's 21, Treforrest Estate Club 28.*

DESOLATION ANGELS *play Bristol Granary 5, Hereford Newmarket Tavern 6, Warrington Red Lion 7, Oxford Corn Dolly 8, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 19.*

SEVENTH SON *are presently on the road doing dates for their 'Sound & Fury Tour '84': Penistone Old Crown April 26, Chesterfield White Swan May 2.*

LAUGHING SAM'S DICE *play Cardiff Casablanca April 13 and Gwent Cross Keys 14.*

AUNT MAY*, who claim to be 'the most outrageous glam rock band around', play London shows at Fulham Greyhound April 19 and Hammersmith Clarendon Mystery City May 24.*

ORIGINAL SIN *play Liverpool Bennos Birthday April 6.*

CANNES *appear at Glasgow The Venue April 22.*

SEDUCER *appear at Guildford Royal Hotel April 14 and Catford Saxon Hotel 28.*

GOTHIQUE *play Stevenage College April 6, Harrow Queen's Arms 7, Cambridge Melbourne Club 25.*

STALLION *have confirmed shows at Huddersfield White Lion April 14 and Hull Spring St Theatre 22.*

EXCALIBUR *appear at Leeds Bierkellar (supporting* ***Virgin****) April 7, Leeds Haddon Hall 8, Redcar Hydro 9, Billingham The Swan 10, Middlesborough The Albert 11, Chesterfield White Swan 18, Barrow-In-Furness Derby Hotel 20, Lancaster Park Hotel 21, Bradford Bierkellar 26, York Bay Horse 28.*

LYADRIVE *have confirmed a show at Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre on April 14.*

VENGEANCE*, from North Wales, appear at Rhosymedre Eagle's Inn April 6 and Colwyn Bay Central Hotel 29.*

HERETIC *appear at Huddersfield White Lion April 25, Chorley Joiners Arms 27, Preston Clouds May 3.*

RENDEZVOUS*, from Cambridge, head out on the road to promote their debut LP* ***'For Crying Out Loud'****: Norwich Whites April 20, Peterborough Gables 27, Ipswich Limmers 28.*

WOLFPACK *have added more dates to their 'Power To Sound' tour: Bolton Cotton Tree April 6, Alfreton Red Lion 7, Glossop Surrey Arms 14, Huddersfield White Lion 28.*

PHANTOM*, from West Bromwich, play Wellington Townhouse April 19, West Bromwich Coach & Horses 20, Bristol Granary 21, Harlech Ardudwy Theatre 23, Hailsham Crown Hotel 28, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel May 2, Welshpool Town Hall 4, Warrington Lion Hotel 5, Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn 6, Stockport Brookfield Hotel 7, Preston Clouds 10, Shrewsbury Severn Acres Club 11, Wigan Angels Club 12, Telford Madeley Court Centre 13.*

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS *go back on the road during April with the following shows: Watford Verulam Heads 5, Catford Saxon Tavern 7, Guildford Royal 12, Oxford Penny Farthing 13, London Marquee Club 14, Plymouth Tops Club 19, Warrington Lion 21.*

CAMEL *head out on a UK tour during April/May: Nottingham Royal Centre April 27, Southport New Theatre 28, Croydon Fairfield Halls 29, Bristol Colston Hall 30, Northampton Derngate May 1, Worthing Assembly Rooms 2, Cardiff St. David's Hall 4, Harrogate Centre 5, Manchester Apollo 6, Hatfield Forum Theatre 7, Portsmouth Guildhall 8, Oxford Apollo 9, Birmingham Odeon 10, London Hammersmith Odeon 11.*

All tickets are priced at £5/£4, with exceptions of Hatfield (£6/£5), Southport/Oxford (£5/£4.50/£3.50), Portsmouth (£4.50/£4), Croydon/Worthing (£5.50/£4.50/£3.50), Northampton (£5.50/£4.50).

The touring band will feature ***Andy Latimer*** *(guitars),* ***Ton Scherpenzeel*** *(keyboards),* ***Paul Burgess*** *(drums),* ***Colin Baff*** *(bass) and* ***Chris Rainbow*** *(vocals).*

The latest Camel album, ***'Stationary Traveller'****, is to be issued on London Records on April 13. The group have also just released a single on the same label. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature* ***'Cloak & Dagger Man'*** *on the A-side and* ***'Pressure Points'*** *on the flip. The 12" has an extended mix of the latter track.*

TWELFTH NIGHT *will be supporting* ***Barclay James Harvest*** *on their forthcoming UK tour, dates for which are: Manchester Apollo April 15, Edinburgh Playhouse 16, Nottingham Theatre Royal 18, Birmingham Odeon 19, Southampton Gaumont 20, London Hammersmith Odeon 21.*

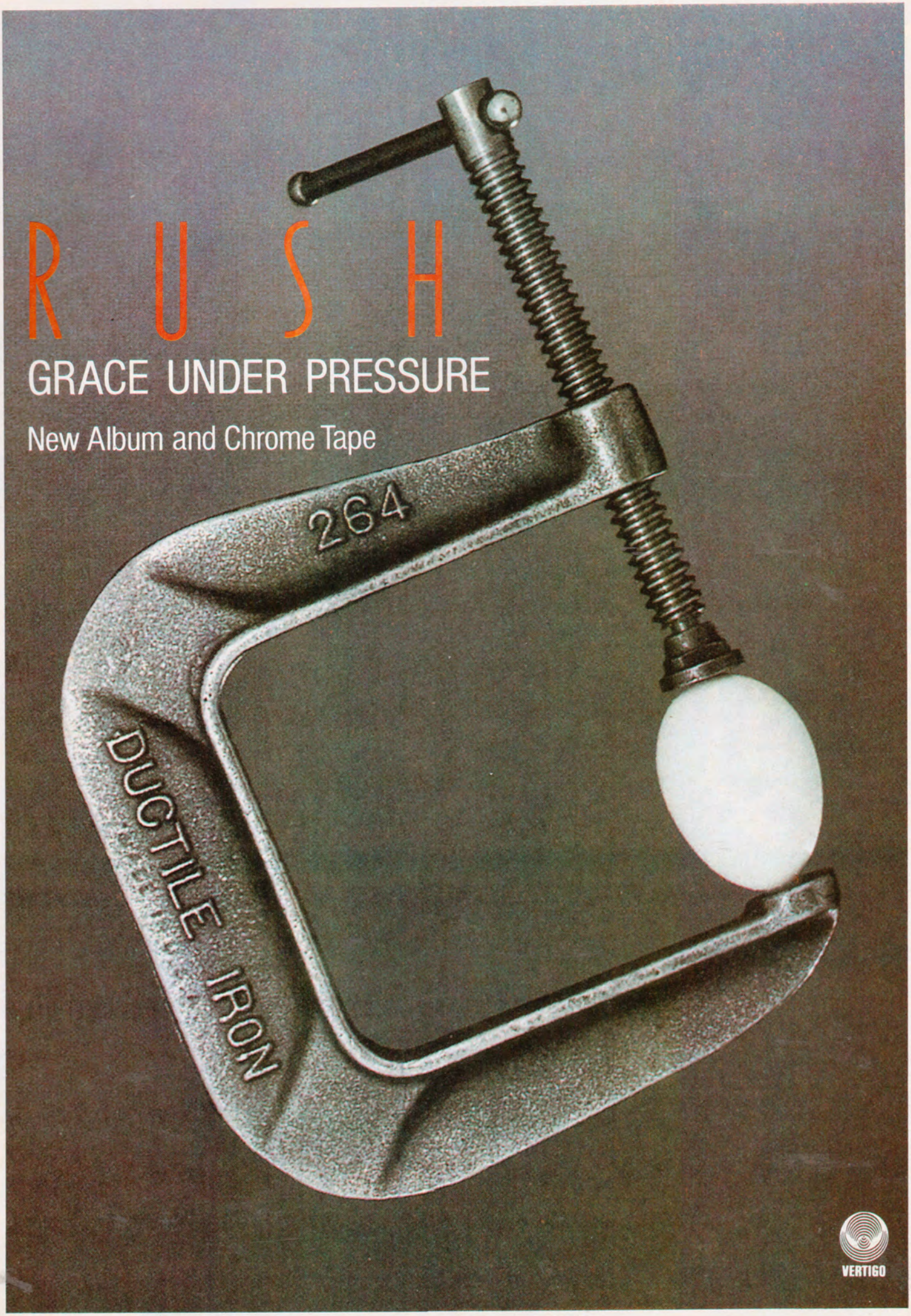
BLADE RUNNERS

■ ***TOKYO BLADE*** *(vocalist* ***Alan Marsh*** *pictured above) top the bill at the 'Earthquake '84 Festival' to be held on April 7 at Kaatsheuvel in Holland (30Km from Eindhoven).*

The rest of the bill features (in descending order) ***Satan, Pretty Maids, Sortilège*** *(from France),* ***Bodine, Crossfire*** *(from Belgium) and* ***Vengeance*** *(a Dutch act who've just signed to CBS Holland).*

The programme starts at 1.15pm and should run until about 11 o'clock. The hall has a capacity of 1500. Tickets are priced at 25 Dutch Gilders (approx. £5), however they won't be on sale in Britain prior to the festival.

In the meantime Tokyo Blade have just had their debut album issued through Combat Records in America. Re-titled ***'Midnight Rendezvous'****, it features three track changes as compared to the British release. 'On Through The Night', 'Liar' and 'Tonight' have been removed and replaced by* ***'Midnight Rendezvous', 'Mean Streak'*** *and* ***'Highway Passion'****. The band are presently working on their second album with producer* ***Roy Neave****. It's likely to be released in the UK on the Powerstation label during the Summer.*


RUSH
GRACE UNDER PRESSURE
New Album and Chrome Tape
264
DUCTILE IRON
VERTIGO

Queensrÿche

IT'S A LONG way to the top if you wanna Rÿche 'n' roll. Well, that may be the case, but Seattle band Queensrÿche certainly seem to have mastered the art of HM alchemy. The band are currently recording their debut album in London using not one, not two, but *three* studios!

It was at Angel Studios that the lads were caught between takes with producer James Guthrie. Pictured left to right are: Eddie Jackson (bass), Chris Degarmo (guitar), Guthrie, Geoff Tate (vocals), Scott Rockenfield (drums) and Michael Wilton (guitar).

The band are expected to finish recording work by mid-May, at which point they'll be heading back to the States to shoot some accompanying videos. However, the quintet will return to the UK to support Dio on the latter's September/October tour (see page 32 for full details).

MALCOLM DOME

Ms Robert Ellis

Venom

LEGIONS

NEAT RECORDS

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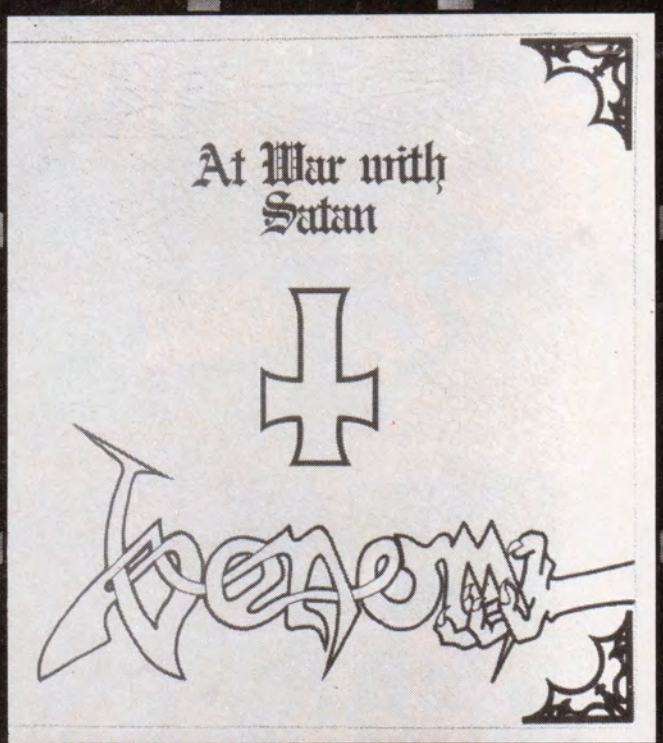

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RUN RUNAWAY

SHELLY HARRIS traces the Cinderella story of 'American rock 'n' roller' JON BON JOVI (above centre).

"By the time I was 18 I was used to playing 10,000 seaters with Southside Johnny, Hall And Oates . . . I just opened for a million people . . . ZZ Top at Madison Square Garden, without a record deal.

"If you believe from the beginning, you know it's going to happen, there's no doubt in your mind. I could never think of the idea of us not getting signed, not making records. I've always believed in it that much.

"You've just got to have guts. If you want anything, you can do it. If there's a way, you find out what it is. It's not too hard. If you want it, you better go out and run for it – and we run! We want it every day. That is the truth – there's no doubt."

AT 22, Jon Bon Jovi is full of fire, the proverbial bundle of energy. The guy even talks in exclamation points, though he's got some especially good reasons to be excited these days – his band's debut album (called appropriately enough 'Bon Jovi' and scheduled for UK release on April 20) is currently bulletting its way up the American 'Hot 100' and, by the time you read this, the group should have begun full-scale touring. In addition, Bon Jovi and Co. are getting an unusually enthusiastic vote of confidence from their record company (*Mercury)* and are signed up with a management firm whose only other client is Mötley Crüe (look what they've done for them!)

It would seem that Bon Jovi have suddenly surfaced from nowhere, but as Jon, the band's frontman and creative cornerstone explains, current events are the culmination of his own longstanding determination and well laid plans. In New Jersey (just outside New York City), where he grew up, however, things weren't exactly ideal for a kid guitarist with a reservoir of original material who didn't want to throw in his lot with any of the area 'cover' bands.

"I've always done an original thing since I was old enough to be anywhere," Jon states emphatically, unwinding after an afternoon's photo session. "So I was never able to make any money; that's why I was never able to put together a great band."

He set his sights on Manhattan, the East Coast Mecca for young hopefuls, and took a giant leap upward to the head of the class. . .

"I worked in a recording studio, pushing a broom, and I used to play my stuff for people, at maybe three or four in the morning, after all the sessions were done. The first person to produce a demo of mine was Billy Squier and the second was Southside Johnny . . . a lot of people were very helpful. Aldo Nova worked on the record quite a bit. So I've always been around these kind of people."

HOLD ON a minute! Bon Jovi's Cinderfella story is getting a bit much to swallow even for yours truly who is inclined to believe that such fairy tales really can happen. There's no denying the guy has talent, looks and gumption, but surely he ran into a few brick walls somewhere along the way . . .?

"Oh yeah," Jon admits, "but I never worried about it. With all the bad things that come there are always five good things too."

Along with a dinosaur-thick skin, it seems that Bon Jovi's secret weapon is his extraordinary optimism/ambition:

"Some kids say: 'I want to do it, I want to do it', but they wait for it to come in the mail to their house. They might sit in their room and actually get told by society, society being their parents, their teachers, their friends: 'It'll never happen'. They're wrong! It *can* happen!"

Prior to inking a record contract, Bon Jovi was opening for major acts at Madison Square Garden, playing "whenever I could. I was writing, I had several other forms of this band, but nobody I was really happy with."

Bon Jovi's earlier material was influenced by "R&B and old Motown kind of things", but it's progressed over the years to include the harder edges much in evidence on the new album. The record shows more than a trace of the Aldo Nova touch, which is hardly surprising seeing as Nova is Bon Jovi's "best friend" and was responsible for programming some of the LP's synthesiser parts. According to Jon, things started "getting heavier" when he finally concentrated on bringing the right band together – a mission successfully accomplished last March. The first recruit was bassist Alec John Such. . .

"I watched Alec for years, from an audience viewpoint, when he was on the East Coast cover circuit, but he knew he was going nowhere fast. He's a great singer and a great bass player. He's got a heart of gold."

Through Alec, Jon met drummer Tico Torres who was sufficiently impressed with Bon Jovi's potential to vacate his seat in Franke And The Knockouts, then between albums. The keyboard slot was eventually filled by a former schoolmate, David Rashbaum.

"We used to play together when we were 16 years old," remembers Jon. "We hit the club circuit . . . we were in a club band in New Jersey. We used to go to school and classes would start at 8:00 in the morning; we'd get there at 8:30, but the teachers would still let us in 'cause they knew we'd been hitting the club scene all night!"

The last (and, to these ears, most important) addition to the line-up was lead guitarist Richie Sambora, who provides the band with its cutting edge. It seems that Sambora gave Jon a dose of his own medicine and wound up landing the job as a result.

"I was playing in a four-piece and he (Sambora) was in the audience one night when I was doing a show for a radio station here in New York. There were about 1500 or 1600 kids there and he came in from the audience and said: 'Look – I want to be your guitar player'. I didn't know who he was . . . kids come up to you like that all the time. I just sorta laughed and walked away. But once I'd heard that guy play, I knew he was magic.

"I think he's great . . . fantastic! He's got a great attitude, as has everyone in the band. We've been together for a year now and not once have we had an argument."

BON JOVI plan to headline smaller gigs in America in support of the album which has just begun "to kick through" with sales of well over 80,000 (it also features the successful first single, 'Runaway'). After that they'll hook up with a major tour in the States and they have definite plans to visit the UK as well – "I think we're going to be there in late Summer . . . August!"

As the talk turns to touring, Jon literally chomps at the bit.

"This is a live band. This is a band that's gotta get out on the road! I'm dying . . . dying! You wanna talk about watts? That's us. There's watts right through my heart. Think of the greatest live bands and how nutty they get and that's where I'm comin' from."

There's something I have to ask . . . it's about the name, Bon Jovi. It brings to mind visions of *Star Wars*, or a European Count at least! Is it *real?*

"It's Italian," answers Jon, "though it's not really spelt that way, we changed it for the record. People came up with names that made no sense to me at all. They wanted me to be like Johnny Fury or Johnny London, and I said: 'Wrong! Let's do this!' And they went with it. People don't know where it's comin' from and they have to listen. They might think it's new music from France or something, but it's American . . . American rock 'n' roll".

SINGLES

reviewed by PAUL ROLAND

W.A.S.P: 'Animal (I . . . Like A Beast)' (Capitol)
W.A.S.P go OTT yet remain irresistibly commercial thanks to a toe-curling chorus and multi-layered harmonies. Frontman Blackie Lawless (ex-New York Dolls) tears his thorax bellowing the unprintable, un-airable hook line that first saw the light of day emblazoned on his codpiece!

Shrapnel Records owner and producer Mike Varney has given the LA assassins a really beefy sound that careers through Maiden-Motorhead-Saxon territory before wrapping itself around the label at the fade.

TYRANT: 'Hold Back The Lightning' (Tyrant)
Gloucestershire newcomers open their aural assault and battery with a nifty clipped guitar riff leading into a truly incredible verse. However, the clumsily executed chorus is a sad letdown, as is the forced vocal of Mark Kelsa.

A muddy mix doesn't help matters either, with instrumental in-fighting pushing the sandpaper vocals even further into the background. Should they choose to re-record it, it could make indie pick of the month.

FALLEN ANGELS: 'Amphetamine Blue' (Fallout)
Vibrator Knox and Hanoi Rocks rework a Buddy Holly drum pattern under an inspired *nom-de-plume*. The vocals are gloriously swamped in echo whilst the guitars elbow other garage band revivalists into the trash can.

Both this and the accompanying album were thrashed out in just nine days instilling a sense of urgency and purpose into the proceedings. It's fast, instantly hummable and confirms Knox's ability to pen 'invisible hits'.

GOLDEN EARRING: 'When The Lady Smiles' (Carrere)
Dr. Dome has promised me an eyeful of the 'naughty video' that accompanies this, but if it's as exciting as the song I don't think I'll take up his offer.

A sparse vocal intro builds slowly to an anti-climax featuring a guitar solo vaguely reminiscent of Robert Palmer's 'Johnny and Mary'. In between, crisp handclaps and a coyly treated snare drum are the only concessions to the current decade. Barry Hay's vocal delivery is less indicative of a passionate singer than a man who urgently needs to leave the room! Pass.

CRUCIFIXION: 'Green Eyes' (Neat)
Repeated plays have failed to convince me that this has anything special going for it. A *Vespa*-speed rhythm remains unvaried throughout and with little in the way of added instrumental colour I took to contemplating the purple vinyl and its scrappy sleeve. It gives me no pleasure to file this under D.U.L.L.

MANFRED MANN: 'Runner' (Bronze)
Already a hit in the States, this paean to the pain-racked marathon runner enforces its metronomic beat with one of the meatiest drum sounds since 'Eye Of The Tiger'.

Manfred is obviously hedging his bets on this one leaving it open to many potentially lucrative interpretations. It could be picked up by Stallone for 'Rocky IV', an ad agency for more of those awful sportswear commercials, or (in view of the *'pass on the flame'* line) it could become the Olympic theme. Either way it's a contender.

BILLY IDOL: 'Rebel Yell' (Chrysalis)
With the title, 'Rebel Yell', Billy seems keen to enforce his image as the male Toyah. I can't think why – he can sing and she can't. Anyhow, on this he frequently sounds like a cross between Jim Morrison and Marc Bolan, which isn't a bad thing. He can also turn his hand to a good tune – two, in fact, 'cause the B-side, 'Crank Call', isn't bad either.

After a speeded up intro – which jerked me out of a singles overdose-induced stupor – the band steam through 'Rebel Yell' with all the urgency of MU members on unpaid overtime. A strong backbeat on the snare pokes through the mesh of distorted guitars to drive the song along at breakneck speed. Terrific stuff.

LE GRIFFE: 'You're Killing Me' (Bullet)
Unlike Crucifixion, the obliquely named Le Griffe have put a certain amount of thought into the arrangement of 'YKM' and it's paid off. Their Rainbow-like cut fits neatly together – everything slots into place and thrusts forward as one.

Chris Hatton's vocal is both relaxed and commanding, a lesson to all who feel the need to indulge in histrionics. Le Griffe succeed through restraint.

HARRIER: 'Out On The Street' (Black Horse)
This is dated, indulgent, sloppy and riddled with *clichés*. If Harrier are typical of HM pub bands, I'm off to the wine bar. OK, yah.

THE KINKS: 'State Of Confusion' (Arista)
After nine hours of singles reviewing (*do us a favour* – Ed) this comes as a refreshing shot in the ear.

Ray Davies' songs are always perceptive, clever and above all witty. 'State' is just one further example of his ability to touch the collective nerve and show our 20th century neuroses for the pointless fears they are.

'Heart Of Gold' is similar in style to 'Come Dancing', and is taken from the same album, while the flip features live versions of 'Lola' and '20th Century Man'.

And that's yer lot.

TAIPAN: 'Breakout' (Bullet)
Metal from 'down under'. Melbourne Metallurgists Taipan promise Rush-like epics, but instead come up with fairly straightforward romps, Sabbath-style.

Dave Zerafa 'suffers' admirably as Sarpa and Degennaro work over Iommi's old riffs and one or two of Motorhead's just for good measure. Unremarkable, but hardly offensive.

THE ALARM: 'The Deceiver' (IRS)
The Alarm, currently supporting The Pretenders on their tour of the United States, have wisely chosen this, the strongest track from 'Declaration', as their new single.

A lightly-picked guitar and mournful harmonica intro leads into a swirling whirlpool of strumming acoustic six-strings and an uplifting battle hymn chorus. The overall effect belies the bitterness in the lyrics and, together with the strong vocal delivery, leaves a sense of disquiet and unease.

BLACK ROSE: 'Boys Will Be Boys' (Bullet)
Rose fail to live up to expectations with this derivative dollop of heavy rock, rather reminiscent of Mama's Boys. It may 'wow' them in Stoke-on-Trent, but these jaded ears need something new. Shame.

TRIDENT: 'Destiny' (Trident)
A good guitar solo overstays its welcome midway through this otherwise promising Welsh platter. The song itself is instantly memorable, the guitar work tight and economic and the drumming jerked the tone arm off the deck! A unanimous thumbs up from all at *Kerrang!*

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Don't Fear The Reaper...

. . . just Grim and bear it, says HOWARD JOHNSON.

SO IT suits them to do it at last! The *NME*, I'm talking about! You know it only too well, but for how many years has that publication consistently ignored the form of music which is so cherished and dear to the hearts of countless good, honest people? People who don't give a s**t about the politics and pen 'n' ink piffle that certain self-righteous folk lay down; people who are educated enough to realise that rock music is first and foremost entertainment and if they like what they hear, then that is enough!

All of a sudden, the *NME* ("Rock against music" – Fish) decides it's gonna cash in on the strength of Metal (do they read *Kerrang!'s* rising sales figures? You bet your ass they do!) and whether it's to switch allegiances or simply indulge in a rib-tickling internal joke is immaterial. The fact remains that it's degrading and disgusting!

Are all these HM bands as calculating and cynical about their careers as the *NME* would have us believe? Or, alternatively, are they really so stupid as to be hopelessly duped by swift-talking executive dudes? I wish I could introduce those guys to Grim Reaper so they'd see how far off the track they are!

The pub where we met up in Droitwich (near Worcester, and Reaper's home haunt) is certainly warm, friendly and comfortable which, believe it or not, matches the four Reapers perfectly – nice guys one 'n' all, neither stupid nor intelligent, four guys who have fun playing Heavy Metal music. That's all it is with Grim Reaper.

If you want the *truth* about the band then let it come from the horse's mouth, namely that of lead string twanger and spokesman Nick Bowcott who gets by with a little help from his friends, bassist Dave Wanklin (phew, got past that one!), man on the bongos Lee Harris and chubby Cheggars vocalist Steve Grimmett! Their name and their 'See You In Hell' album title, both make Reaper prime targets for those who would kill Metal stone, stone dead. Evil, satanic, aggressive, obnoxious . . . WRONG!

"YEAH, WE'VE been well and truly stuffed by the name," agrees Bowcott, "but when we put the original band together four years ago only Black Sabbath and Judas Priest had made any Heavy Metal headway. We knew we wouldn't be classed as disco if we called ourselves Grim Reaper," he chuckles. "Besides, it makes a great backdrop and logo! The real trouble is that bands like Venom and Mercyful Fate came along and, with all due respect, I'm afraid I hate their music!"

"It's easy to base Metal around this kind of thing," adds vocalist Grimmett, "and it certainly sounds better than 'I eat *Kellogg's* Cornflakes'! Some of the songs aren't as crass as you might think, though. 'Dead On Arrival', for example, is about a mate of mine who got killed, so hopefully people will get a surprise when they listen to us."

"The melody and the riff make songs," claims Nick. "Anyway, it's too late to change the name now and, besides, Grim Reaper lends itself to expressive album sleeves. That's why our record's selling (insert great guffaws here!), plus the fact that we didn't put our pictures on it. We're what you'd call a 'no-image band'. I mean, I'm the prettiest guy here and I look as if someone's smashed my face in with a mallet!"

Which leaves Reaper a long way behind near neighbours Wrathchild in the make up 'n' mayhem scenario. Ah, Wrathchild! Eyes light up all round. . .

"Wrathchild are very entertaining," states Bowcott diplomatically, adding, "they're the funniest thing in rock after 'Rockschool'. . . and Rocky's great in bed!"

"Actually, I'm surprised you spotted their drummer with a girl," says Grimmett, responding to something I'd mentioned earlier about seeing the mighty Eddie Starr – actually a nice bloke – with an extremely interesting young lady at an Accept gig. "I've only ever seen him with two in all the years I've known him!"

And Grimmett should know, as the two played in the same band at one time! But, more importantly, have the Reapers thought of matching the tactical Wrathchild move of making porn videos yet?

"We wanted to do it cos I've got a video," claims Lee, "and I hired a blue movie one weekend, but that's as close as we've got! Besides, we're too ugly to do it!"

But there is some rivalry between the two acts, no?

"Well, we can play and they can't," laughs Bowcott, "though they've played some really rough dives and turned a bad crowd into a good one. For *that* I give them credit!"

AH, BUT this interview seems to be wandering a little left field, away from 'See You In Hell', the Reaper's debut album for fast-rising Hull indie *Ebony*. Now, if you, like me, are a mite cynical about the whole satanic angle, chances are you'll have passed on Grim Reaper. What's more, I wouldn't have blamed you, but Bowcott's words at the outset contain more than a grain of truth.

This band *has* been 'stuffed' by its monicker for, while their music is visibly Heavy Metal with few, if any, deviations from the well-trodden six-string mud track, it has to be admitted that they operate very tidily indeed within their own defined area. They *do* have an ear for melody, Nick Bowcott *is* an imaginative guitarist within this particular genre's fairly limited sphere and 'See You In Hell' *is* certainly a very respectable album, probably an axe-cellent release to those more in tune with the style than my good self. The melodies contained within numbers such as the balladic 'The Show Must Go On' and the more racey 'Dead On Arrival' do more than enough to earn *Ebony* a pat on the back for their investment, though Reaper are convinced they can improve upon this first performance. . .

"That first album took four days to record because Lee had run out of vacation time."

Such are the hassles faced by a struggling act holding down day jobs in order to support a spare-time passion. However, Bowcott is enthusiastic for the future.

"The next album will see a real improvement. We never even got a test pressing of 'See You In Hell' and the difference between our album and Savage's (also on *Ebony*) in terms of sheer volume is amazing! Still, we're not gonna rush the new LP and, as I said, it'll be an improvement. I've got a new Marshall and it kills! That first album was recorded with a 50-watt amp you could fit in a jacket pocket but this one pins you to the wall. There'll be more power, but we also hope to get more intelligent!"

I didn't have the nerve to say so at the time, but with one prospective opus already dubbed 'Fear No Evil' I don't really clock intelligence as part of this particular scam. Still, who needs intelligence?! Maybe the band will get more wealthy. . .

"Oh yeah! We'd like to make some money, we're not doing it for nothing. Correction, we *are* doing it for nothing at the moment. We'd love to make a comfortable living. I mean, I'd hate to have to live out of the back of a transit van for three years – and then get dropped!"

It doesn't sound like too much to ask to me, so maybe you'd like to help 'em out and buy their album. You will?! Good on ya, mate!

GRIM REAPER: (l-r) Steve Grimmett, Dave Wanklin, Lee Harris and Nick Bowcott.

Pic Tony Mottram

AN INNOCENT MANN

Will the real MANFRED MANN please stand up? asks DAVE DICKSON.

WHAT MANFRED MANN would like to read in the papers is "the real gossipy stuff", the nitty-gritty that the scandal sheets and, indeed, some of the music press thrives on – the dirt under the fingernails, the scenarios that unravel behind closed doors. The paradox of the man is that if the Press attempt to learn such intimacies from him they find the door locked and bolted from within and a polite but firm 'Do Not Disturb' sign hoisted without. So what is Manfred Mann really like?

When the assignments are dished out at the *Kerrang!* office it's not too hard to guess who'll get what. The areas of interest professed by the writers are fairly well defined, there are few occasions where it becomes necessary to pull out the short straws. So when the Manfred Mann interview came up, if I hadn't been given it I would have argued for it.

Of course, I had the advantage of having already encountered this notoriously difficult interviewee (see *Kerrang!* 39) and, I dare say, no-one else particularly wanted the job anyway. There is no glamour surrounding Manfred Mann. Friends do not roll their eyes in envy when you tell them you've just met the man; indeed, when last our paths crossed, a friend of mine complained that 'the likes of Manfred Mann should give up and let younger people in with a chance.' Well, if these 'younger people' were producing music to rival that of Manfred Mann's Earth Band I might be prepared to agree. But the plain fact is, they're *not*.

I find it distressing that Mann resignedly dismisses the idea of a proper UK tour as a less than viable proposition.

"I kind of assume there is not a very big interest in us in the UK. So when you talk of touring here I see that as a token appearance in London, and I discount that as a factor in the equation."

Which is sad because not only do the Earth Band regularly produce excellent and powerful albums, but their live shows are dramatic *tour-de-forces*. However, Mann's album sales have successively dwindled since the late Seventies when he scored hits with Bruce Springsteen's 'Blinded By The Light' and Robbie Robertson's 'Davy's On The Road Again'. Which also explains the lack of any serious press coverage.

Pic P. Terrasson

MANFRED: in the US Top 30 . . . with a song he doesn't consider 'good enough'!

This, again, I find quite distressing. Manfred Mann is often disparagingly honest about his own achievements; there's no front, no bullshit, no hype about Manfred Mann the musician, though Manfred Mann the private person remains an unplundered mine – perhaps that's why editors don't reckon he'll make good copy. And yet the man is articulate, intelligent *and* honest. So what's he *really* like?

WHAT FOLLOWS is pure speculation. I don't know if any of it's true, it's just my impression collated from our two brief encounters. If I'm wrong, Manfred Mann will probably never give me another interview; if I'm right, he still may never give me another interview . . .

I don't believe he suffers fools gladly, he will do what little etiquette demands of him before dismissing the 'fool'. I suspect he is highly demanding of those around him, expecting them to equal his own exacting standards. He may, however, be plagued by professional indecisiveness and insecurity. He seems to lack initial faith in his judgement, but once a decision has been made he will back that decision to the hilt. He seems especially wary of outsiders breaching his closed circle . . . then again, I'm probably totally wrong; on with the interview . . .

The reason we are here in the first place is that (1) the Earth Band have just released a live album, 'Budapest', recorded on their last European tour, and (2) for the first time since 1976 and 'Blinded By The Light' Manfred Mann has a hit single in the US charts. The single is called 'Runner' and was included on the American version of Mann's last album, 'Somewhere In Afrika', though it was not present on the UK or European versions. At the time of writing the 45 had reached No. 23 in the *Billboard* charts.

"To be honest, I'm very surprised at its success, although it contains, too glibly, the elements of American rock 'n' roll. I think we've done a very good, professional job, but it's a little *too* typical, the elements are *too* standard . . . I don't think it quite makes it as a song."

ISN'T THAT custom-building of a chart single a bit cynical?

"It can be, certainly. We actually put it together and did custom-build it to some extent. You can use whatever word you like, there's a good and bad word for almost everything – the bad word is *cynical*. Remember, it's my own criticism of it, but my own feeling is that it's verging on what you say. We worked very hard on it and it wasn't *glib* in terms of putting it together, it caused a lot of heartache and trouble. But, in my view, it's not good enough."

Try finding another artist in the US Top 30 who doesn't consider his/her song 'good enough'!

"At the moment, I am *very* aware of the US market," says Mann, who has just finished work on the follow-up to 'Runner', breaking off from his perennial project, 'the next album'. The song is titled 'Rebel' . . . "that's a terrible word, *rebel*, I hate that bloody title, but anyway . . .

"The only way to really make it in the States is *in depth*, with track after track. Lots of people have one hit, it's not such a big deal, it's what happens after that matters. And *that* is what I'm concentrating on now and *that's* why I won't tour there yet."

Instead, he's currently together once again with Mick Rogers, who played guitar with the original Earth Band for the first five years – "I know the guy can do it, I know he's good, why spend forever trying to find somebody who's marginally better!" – alongside regulars Chris Thompson (guitar/vocals) and John Lingwood (drums).

THE RECORDING process he describes as: "Like a 10,000 mile journey with big boots on through a mangrove swamp!" But on the other hand: "It's kind of a challenge. It's nice to go in every day and face the challenge and hope to come out at the end of it with something that's good enough."

And then again: "It's confusing, the guidelines are not clear when you're recording. You don't know what's good or bad, one day it sounds great, the next day it sounds terrible. You're in a foggy world and the reason I get confused is that every time you turn the monitors up it sounds good, and every time you turn them down it sounds bad – dead simple!"

I haven't dwelt upon the 'Budapest' album for the simple reason that it isn't really a Manfred Mann project. The LP was produced by Thompson and Lingwood (the first time Mann has not produced the band) because "I found it very difficult to get excited about recording 'Blinded By The Light' again or doing the odd overdub or editing it down from the stage. I felt, Christ, it's 'Davy's On The Road Again' – old records! What am I doing with these things? That's why I wasn't interested, I knew I couldn't get any enthusiasm up, it really would've been like work for me."

And there we'll have to leave it, with Manfred Mann toiling over yet *another* re-arrangement of a new song, attempting to find the perfect combination of bars.

I doubt if we'll ever find out who Manfred Mann really is, but this I do know for sure: he ain't as fat as Jon Lord . . .

RUSH: reach for the sky!

Pic Ross Halfin

PRESSURE POINTS

RUSH
'Grace Under Pressure'
(Vertigo VERH 12)

DUNNO WHAT it's like in your particular TV area, but where I live the weirdest series used to turn up on the screen late Sunday nights/early Monday mornings.

Nah, I'm not talking about B&W repeats of 'Dragnet' or horror schlock from the House Of Vincent Price, I'm referring to a cathode curiosity called 'Rock Concert'.

Never heard of it? It's not surprising, it was hardly essential viewing. Situation at the dustbin end of the boob tube schedules, the programme used to feature ancient footage from a bizarre variety of MoR and rock acts. One week it would be Crosby, Stills And Nash, the next James Last, the one after the Little River Band. . . all human life used to be there, and for some peculiarly masochistic reason I used to watch every surreal edition intently.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when Rush turned up on the show one week. Yeah, *Rush*, all long hair and satin cloaks, all mid-Sevenities sword and scorcery, all 'By-Tor' and 'Beneath, Between And Behind'. . . all *so* dated.

Long-time readers of the Bartonian word will remember I used to rave about the Rush of this era. Well, not any more – those clichéd 'Rock Concert' clips finally laid that particular ghost to rest. Not before time, I've caught up with the modern-day doings of Messrs Lee, Lifeson and Peart. . . and this new album 'Grace Under Pressure' is the latest link in a truly lustrous chain.

It's always a pleasure to hear master craftsmen at work. Seconds into the opening track, 'Distant, Early Warning', it's obvious that all machine parts are meshing with sublime sensitivity. Like a hand-built V-8 engine, the band propel themselves along with minimum fuss/maximum efficiency, content in the knowledge that – WHOOSH! – there are vast reserves of hidden power available if required.

But Rush, they don't need to floor that foot pedal too often. Restraint, understatement and *feel* are the prime movers in this glorious gramophone-game. Under-inflated rather than overblown, in ace producer Paul (Supertramp) Henderson's hands Geddy and co. are a sparse, swirling Police . . . a jagged, jaunty Aswad . . . a free-form, doodling Mahavishnu Orchestra. The sky really *is* the limit, and Rush *reach* for it every musicianly step of the way.

'Grace Under Pressure' is the band's toughest, most accessible album for some time, due in no small part to drummer Neil Peart's highly immediate words.

The scheming, scholarly skinsman seems to have adoped a new, more direct and straight forward lyrical approach this time around. Although the subject matter is almost uniformly doomy, the words are magnificently memorable – no more so than in 'Red Sector A', a claustrophobic commentary on life behind prison walls. Stark stanzas like *"Ragged lines of ragged grey/Skeletons they shuffle away/Shouting guards and smoking guns/Cut down the unlucky ones"* perfectly complement the tight, tense, terse rhythms.

'Pressure's standout track, however, is 'Red Lenses', a strange-but-startling hybrid of jangling Oriental rock and lazy, loping Steely Dan-amics. Its loose, undisciplined feel is enhanced by some trippy, stream-of-consciousness phrases. *"I see RED/And it hurts my head/I guess it must be something that I read,"* sings a bloodshot-eyed Geddy Lee, before mouthing more nonsense along the lines of: *"One pair of dancing shoes/The Soviets are the blues/The Reds under your bed/Lying in the darkness/Dead ahead!"*

As is always the case with Rush album reviews, there's so much to say . . . in so little space.

So for the moment suffice it to say that guitarist Alex Lifeson plays a much bigger, raunchier part in the scheme of things this time around . . . that 'Body Electric' has 'hit single' written all over it . . . that 'Kid Gloves' has a pacifist message to *really* hit home . . . that 'Enemy Within' will prompt you into some disturbing bouts of self-analysis . . . and that this is another cunningly crafted, thought-provoking Rush album.

Who'd have it any other way?

GEOFF BARTON

STYX
'Caught In The Act'
(A&M AMLM 66704)

I'VE STUCK with Styx, through thick and thin, for a long time now. From their earliest hit, the beauteous ballad 'Lady', through the magnificence of 'Crystal Ball'/'Pieces Of Eight', up to the flawed-but-commendable 'Kilroy' epic . . . the band always seemed to have at least *something* going for them.

Yeah, for every 'Babe' there would be a 'Great White Hope', for every hunk of deYoung cabaret indulgence there would be JY and Tommy Shaw, determined to clench their fists, punch the air and *rock* that Goddamn Paradise.

Of course, when Styx were naff they were *really* naff. . . but, when all was said and done, their moments of total greatness more than counterbalanced the occasional iffy elements.

It's sad to report, however, that these same 'iffy elements' have become far more frequent of late – to the extent that they're literally strewn right across this here live album.

I mentioned the word 'cabaret' before, and this really sums up the

Continues over

ALBUMS ALBUMS

ALBUMS

From previous page

spirit contained within 'CITA'.

Keyboard player, singer and all-round Kilroy style good guy Dennis deYoung seems to have totally taken over Styx, pushing the rest of da boyz into the background so he can indulge himself to the fullest. I'm sure he'd be happier in a Vegas cocktail lounge crooning old Frank Sinatra ballads, the guy's such a HAM!

And whereas previously this was tolerable, amusing even, one can only take so much. And, on this LP, deYoung is simply *too* much!

Even normally tuff numbers like 'Suite Madame Blue', 'Blue Collar Man' and 'Miss America' haven't escaped the deathly Manilowesque deYoung touch. They sound curiously lightweight, peculiarly muted, and contain none of that in-studio raunch, that outrageous, overblown deliciousness of yore. Which is kinda strange, because in a live gig scenario you'd expect the toons to crackle with an overload of electric energy, not simmer like a saucepan full of overcooked spinach.

It's such a shame, cos in their best of times Styx were the elected Presidents of pomp rock, the oil barons of ostentation, the noetic nabobs of narcotic noise nutriment. Today, however, the band are stranded in *Pebble Mill At One* territory with no visible means of escape.

And with the prospect of a Dennis deYoung solo album looming threateningly on the horizon, all I can say is – come back Peter Criss, all is forgiven!

GEOFF BARTON

WARLOCK: Saturnalia revivalists?

WARLOCK
'Burning The Witches'
(Mausoleum SKULL 8325)

WARLOCK WOULD appear to be yet another German HM outfit, and with German HM about as welcome as one of the biblical ten plagues *chez moi* I wasn't expecting much from 'Burning The Witches'. The presence of a female vocalist was no encouragement – the last such endowed line-up I can recall in German Metal circles was Saturnalia – and, boy, they sucked . . .

However, Warlock manage to dodge the poison arrows with a solid, well-produced record that is to HM what Spider are to boogie Metal – the band seem to be perfect at what they do without ever extending the boundaries of their chosen theatre of operations, or for that matter even approaching them.

The producer, Axel, has captured the band's intense energy perfectly. They sound tight and powerful, and whilst they may not know a good song if one bit them on the leg, it really doesn't matter.

The rhythm section of Frank Rittel (bass) and Michael Eurich (drums) packs a weighty punch, with dual guitarists Peter Szigeti and Rudy Graf throwing in some dizbusting HM rifferama that's about as adventurous as Arsenal playing away but far too strong to dismiss. Vocalist Dorothee Pesch lacks the lung power or craft of a Lee Aaron or an Ann Boleyn, but still makes her mark with a strong but very nasal voice that doesn't lose its way in the aural storm.

Even the Muppet-Metal outings are more than passable – the adrenalin of 'Signs Of Satan' and 'Metal Racer' rescues tracks that would otherwise be utterly disposable – and apart from the rather anonymous 'Dark Fade', where much more could have been done with a potentially interesting riff, the (limited) standards remain high. Best track here is the driving insistence of 'Hateful Guy', where Dorothee gets her teeth into a dynamic vocal hook over the band's stuttering powerline. The twisting bite of 'Holding Me' also has much to commend it, along with the potent riffing of 'After The Bomb'.

On a broad HM/HR scale, Warlock rate about a 'six plus', but as a heads-down no-nonsense HM madhouse they're undoubtedly a 'ten' on the evidence of this record. If you like your rubbish top grade then search no further.

PAUL SUTER

BERNIE TORME
'Bernie Torme Live'
(Zebra MZEB 3)

DOWN AMONG the alley-cat fraternity, they seem to have discovered the portable tape recorder. In recent weeks (or maybe that should read *'weaks'*!), the Lloyd-Langton Group and Talas have both released trash-can live albums which have only served to show up their unkempt tawdriness when measured against the sleek jaguar grace of Dire Straits or the deeply-etched lionised savagery of HSAS.

Incredibly though, Bernie 'Tomcat' Tormé has succeeded in bridging that big cat gap. I'll admit that the initial prospect of scaling a BT live album didn't exactly have me mentally reaching for the pick-axe and safety helmet. My expectations were more on a molehill rather than Everest level. You see, 'Tomcat' has never been a fave rave brave among my own teeming tepee of Metallic interests. However, despite the disappointments of both his post-Gillan solo studio efforts, he's somehow managed to capture on wax an electricity and vitality few live albums can claim to equal.

There's a volatility and expressive spontaneity about tracks such as 'Wild West', 'Lightning Strikes', 'Too Young' and 'No Easy Way' that can't fail to impress. Tormé's guitar wails and snarls through a virtuoso display of sonic assault. Whilst some may be content for their guitar to gently weep, ole 'Tomcat' goes all out for an hysterical torrent of tears.

Yet amidst the pure mania, provided not only by the mainman but rhythmic sidekicks James C. Bond (bass) and Ron Rebel (drums), there are occasional moments of reflective instrumental introspection that underscore the man's growing maturity as a genuine guitar hero.

Oh sure, Bernie still sings like a rhino with labour pains, but in the overall scheme of 'BTL', that is almost irrelevant.

MALCOLM DOME

JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
'LAMF Revisited'
(Jungle FREUD 4)

OH WOOOH! I GOTTA ONE TRACK MIND!! YEAH, YEAH . . . blah blah, mumble mumble, gotta one track mind . . . yeah! yeah! Over yoooooo . . .

Yooo . . . remind me of 1977 and oh so many things when everything was in the pawn shop . . . I shouldabin rich but I'm living on Chinese Rocks . . . oooh . . . aaah . . . reminds me of a certain unfinished sweet feeling I couldn't define then and can't remember now.

'LAMF' represents an epoch, a time that ran out on me and didn't leave a forwarding address, a jaded forgotten star that just blinked out of existence once you took your eye off it. Johnny Thunders, Jerry Nolan, Walter Lure and Billy Rath . . . goblins without minds that scratched at the sores between the legs of the 'rock establishment'. As musicians, they might have stunk worse than a rotting corpse from time to time, but as a gang of peopleoids their sense of *drama* was overwhelming, utterly seductive, completely erratic, monstrously compelling.

The first time I saw the New York Dolls on *'The Old Grey Whistle Test'* I knew these boys were baaad! They smelled *rotten*. My God, they were profoundly offensive, they were beautiful . . .

When the Dolls died and the Heartbreakers resurfaced two years later I felt like a disciple that had just witnessed the resurrection. Mere dreams, of course, is what they all said. Mere dreams is all. Well, maybe.

'LAMF' – New York City street slang for 'Down To Kill, Like A Motherf....r' – was never disappointing, it just didn't hit the same nerves as the band did live. People talked a great deal about the appallingly slapdash mix, the tinny production and 'everyotherdamnthing' they could, but really, it never mattered. Since when did *production* mean more than the *songs* on MC5 or Stooges albums, early Nugent, early Chuck Berry, early Zeppelin?

All supid excuses that hid the small truth – 'LAMF' was probably the best album the ill-starred Heartbreakers would ever record, but no way was it within a long bike

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ride of the two classic New York Dolls albums.

What we have here is a re-mixed 'LAMF'. The vocals are clearer, none of the tension is lost, none is gained. Yeah, I'd rather own this copy than the original, but then I don't play it much these days anyway.

Mind you, there are two extra tracks here, *viz* 'Can't Keep My Eyes On You' and 'Do You Love Me' which hardened Thunders junkies will devour simply because they're 'new'.

MICK WALL

GOLDEN EARRING
'N.E.W.S.'
(21 Records T1-1-9008 import)

LIKE A DURACELL battery, Golden Earring just keep on running; thousands may have fallen by the wayside, but these sturdy cloggies are still in there fighting. And still in contention too, thanks to the merits of last year's 'Cut' album and the magnificent 'Twilight Zone' single.

However they always seem to step back from the brink of irrevocable success and with 'N.E.W.S.' they've done it again, marking time with stylish excellence but failing to come up with the confirmatory killer that they needed.

Their characteristic driving style hardly needs further documentation and their breathless energy continues to pump life into their material, but when the album's over there's precious little that remains beyond the passable pleasure of having listened to it.

The funky, twisting strength of the title track with its growling, insistent backbone is quite striking (plus it's got horns – does this mean Malcolm Dome would like it?) and then there's 'Fist In Glove', a weirdly atonal strut that's frankly horrid, but beyond these two tracks there are only minor peaks and troughs in the course of a good but never great album.

'I'll Make It All Up To You' is the warmest Earring get with their metronomic delivery; there's a touch of 'Radar Love' in George Kooymans' guitar work, lifting the pleasure count somewhat. 'When The Lady Smiles' is both captivating and strong, the band's breathless edge peaking perfectly on an exuberant hook, and the rolling, hip-swivelling strut of 'Mission Impossible' scores points too, but even these fade away mere moments after the deck's stopped spinning.

To be sure, Golden Earring tracks don't all sound the same, but the relevant elements rarely change their relative positions. Barry Hay's urgent vocals over George Kooymans' carefully enunciated guitar (no messy powerchords for this boy), plus Rinus Gerritsen's sinuous bass and Cesar Zuiderwijk's crisp drumming are what you expect and exactly what you get – all excellently done, but where's the excitement in such predictability? Golden Earring are a very individual sounding band, and deserve credit for sticking to their guns and making good music; this album will be welcomed by all their fans, but it's surely not going to add to their number.

PAUL SUTER

HYTS: the pyts (only kidding, Xavier)

BLACK ROSE
'Boys Will Be Boys'
(Bullet BULP 3)

HOW MANY 'good' British rock albums do you own? Dozens of the little bleeders, I'll bet. And when was the last time you picked one out from your record rack and actually played it? Last week? Last month? Last year? Or is it that you just can't *quite* remember?

It's a strange state of affairs, having LPs in your collection that are 'worth' holding on to, but somehow rarely feel the tingling touch of a needle in their grooves.

'Good' enough to keep, certainly not 'bad' enough to flog, but really not 'great' enough to play, these albums languish sadly up there on the shelves, gathering dust and seldom moving from their allotted positions.

Imagine the frustration such a record must feel if it's stacked next to a consistently played disc, be it a 'Battle Hymns', a 'Physical Graffiti' or a 'Gather Me'. How agonising it must be for it to ponder: 'Why is it always *him* and not *me*?' It has to be a very lonely existence.

And, sadly, I can see this kind of fate very easily befalling Black Rose's 'Boys Will Be Boys'. Looking back on my notes, I can identify the tell-tale signs: scrawled phrases such as 'respectable opener', 'extremely lively' and 'powerful stuff' . . . phrases that convey a certain degree of enjoyment but stop well short of the required wide-eyed level of WOOARGH! wonderment.

Don't get me wrong, this album is by no means a disaster. It's tough, gritty and raw. And from the rabble rousing title track, through the lumbering ballad 'Baby Believe Me', to the Maiden-esque 'Knocked Out', it throws all the right shapes and bobs and weaves with the best of 'em.

Some of the guitar arrangements may be needlessly complex (the 'Rose *really* excel when they keep it brutal and simple) and the samey shout-vocals may sound a little monotonous after a while, but overall this remains a riotously respectable powerpackage.

So, I'm gonna hang on to it. I'm gonna slot it alphabetically between Black Oak and Black Sabbath, so I'll know where to find it, just in case. After all, you never know, I may want to play it again . . . some time.

GEOFF BARTON

HYTS
'Hyts'
(Gold Mountain/Berserkley Records/GM-80002 import)

HAILING FROM San Francisco, Hyts have come up with a storming debut, every bit as powerful as Y&T's klassic 'Earthshaker' LP. They've removed their hitherto poppy sound in favour of crunching guitars and Dave Meniketti-style vocals – and it works a treat.

Take the opener, 'Lady Of The Night', for example. It's catchy yet still powerful enough to have Mum knocking on the wall with a cry of 'turn it down, your father's trying to read the paper' – yes folks, it's twin lead guitar attack all the way!

The production here is spot-on throughout, thanks to the expertise of Matthew King Kaufman, the man responsible for making the late Earthquake so special. And talking of the 'Quakes, you may be interested to know their former bass player, Stan Miller, is now a full-time member of the Hyts.

Back on the vinyl the front, current US single, 'Backstabber', is hilarious and the video I saw for it on MTV was even funnier than the song – very 'Psycho' influenced. But, to be frank, it's very hard to pick a stand-out cut; the whole album is consistently good and if it's variety you're after then you've come to the right place. Just check out the Axe influenced 'Back On The Streets', keyboards man Tommy Thompson coming into his own with some tasty, swirling synth playing, while guitarist Pat Little mimics Meniketti perfectly.

I reckon we're going to be hearing a lot more from Hyts, the perfect FM Mayhem band.

XAVIER RUSSELL

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BILLY IDOL
'Rebel Yell'
(Chrysalis CHR 1450)

'VALLEY OF THE DOLLS' was one of the great unsung Heavy Metal albums of the late 70s – unsung because it was ignored by the rock fraternity as being recorded by a *punk* band and ignored by the punks for being too *Heavy Metal*.

The band in question was Generation X, born out of punk but basically a rock 'n' roll band. They fell unhappily between the two stools – 'crossover' wasn't the thing to be into in those days; more like *crossout*! Which is unfortunate because 'Valley Of The Dolls', produced by Ian Hunter, was a classic album.

Gen X, as they became, went on to record one more album, 'Kiss Me Deadly', before going their separate ways – drummer Terry Chimes to the Clash, bassist and composer Tony James to Zieg Zieg Sputnik and vocalist/lyricist Billy Idol to New York. There he fell under the guidance of one-time Kiss manager Bill Aucoin and lived off the excellent 'Dancing With Myself' single for years. He also found a new songwriter in guitarist Steve Stevens, produced an eponymous album and now, to get to the point, comes part two of an apparent trilogy (which is why the sides here are numbered '3' & '4').

'Rebel Yell' is a glorious fusion of Stevens' abrasive guitar sound and Idol's dance-floor inclinations. Idol may have become a pop star in his adopted home but he still seems to yearn for a wider appeal – a music that's equally at home in the discos as in any rock club.

There are four noteworthy tracks here. The title track is a rocker that pummels along, driven by Stevens' guitar. 'Eyes Without A Face' shows a slower, more romantic side to Idol's music. He sings against a lush background created by Keith Forsey's sensitive production. Side Two's opener, 'Flesh For Fantasy', contains perhaps Idol's finest lyrical moments and is the best example here of this rock/dance fusion. And the last track, 'The Dead Next Door', is a beautiful and rather haunting number that shows what Billy Idol has become capable of since self-imposed exile.

DAVE DICKSON

SPIDER
'Rough Justice'
(A&M AMLX 68563)

ON FACE value a semi-concept album from Spider sounds about as promising as lunch with Vlad The Impaler, however the old adage that 'you can't judge a book by looking at the cover' never rang truer. New formula Spider reaches the ears in a way the old variety never could.

With a sharper production, more suited to their new, far stronger songwriting style, 'Rough Justice' documents the neglect by most of the media of hard rock/Heavy Metal.

The opening track 'Here We Go Rock 'N' Roll' is perhaps the most pointed lyrically, being a scathing attack on the people responsible for the lack of any decent rock music on the nation's airwaves. Set to a solid 12 bar backing it was the obvious single choice – however, a few DJ's must have caught wind of the lyrics, hence the lack of airplay.

'The Morning After The Night Before' and 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsies' continue in a similar musical vein, both being straight-forward heads-down boogie, the latter being somewhat semi-anthemic with its definite chant-along chorus.

But just as everything is beginning to look all safe and predictable, along somes 'Martyred (For What I Love)' with its choral intro courtesy of Anna-Marie Borg and its Satanic Mass overtones. This is still a 'rock' song, but it's much more ambitious than any previous Spider recording. The piano dominated middle section proves that this band are capable of far more than re-cycling hackneyed chords we have known and loved. Side One's closer 'Time To Go Now' is a further testament to this new found subtlety, with more of a ZZ Top shuffle feel to it than anything else.

Now listen, I am not a person easily shaken, but the intro to 'Death Row' is a bit much, surely nobody can hate Spider that much?

Now to 'The Minstrel'. If you can imagine Spider playing 'Horse With No Name' you might get close, however, as most *Kerrang!* readers are unlikely to be acquainted with the music of America, very few people are likely to spot the link. Silliness aside, 'The Minstrel' is actually a very good song, showcasing the new Spider while still possessing the old raunch.

If you like Spider, you'll love 'Rough Justice'. If, on the other hand you don't like 'em, give the album a listen anyway and you just might be pleasantly surprised.

GEOFF BANKS

NIGHTWING
'My Kingdom Come'
(Gull GULP 1040)

NIGHTWING HAVE always possessed the aura of 'also rans', despite their considerable continental success. The lack of any concerted attempts to crack the UK market through roadwork can't have helped their cause.

Actually, Nightwing do lean strongly towards the States, but look more towards the mid-west than LA with their anglicised AOR/HR, the result having much in common with current Heep, whose vocalist Pete Goalby co-writes one of the tracks on offer here ('Fingers In The Fire').

The songs are good but not quite classics, and there's a similar slight shortfall in Gordon Rowley's production; the package lacks the razor edge that takes the breath away and turns a good record into one to be admired.

Sure, the strident (admittedly ripped off) drive of 'Back On The Streets' or the stirring grandeur of 'Men Of War' are prime examples of classy HR, the former archetypally American and the latter proudly pompous in the 'Rainbow Rising' vein, with its admirable vocal aggression. Vocalist Max Bacon – who wrote the 'MOW' song – is now with Bronz, but seems to have suited Nightwing well; he has a clean, powerful voice that can run the gamut from that pomp of 'Men Of War' to the heartfelt but equally powerful balladry of a real 'end of the evening' number in 'Night Of Mystery'.

Steve Hackett's 'Cell 151' is covered in an interestingly powerful manner, but twists and turns too much to develop properly, 'Give Me The Love That I Want' is a throwaway filler, and the title track delivers a humorous rather than dramatic message.

Otherwise, though, there's little to moan about in terms of both quality and delivery. So why do I find myself interested in what the next one will be like rather than wanting to spin this one again?

PAUL SUTER

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LAURA CANYON goes on a Works outing with ROGER TAYLOR of QUEEN

I'M NOT here to bury Queen. I'd rather praise them.

Let me put my cards on the table, my head on the block, my record on the turntable: the new Queen album, 'The Works', is not only the best album they've done in years, it's one of the best albums, period, I've heard all year.

If Queen had gone out and polled their fans to find out exactly what they'd like in a Queen album and put the results to music, they couldn't have come out with anything more aimed to please.

"It is really in a way," says Roger Taylor, this year's Queen spokesman (Freddie's not talking, John Deacon never does, and Brian May's had his bit of attention with the release of his 'Star Fleet' solo). "The whole album is really what we thought people wanted from us – because obviously the last album wasn't!"

That LP, 'Hot Space', flopped like a diarrhoeic cowpat; but 'Radio Ga Ga', the single that preceded 'The Works', got to number one in the charts in half of Europe.

Roger wrote it (inspired by three-year-old son Felix who said suitably rude infant things while listening to the gloop pouring out of the transistor) as a diatribe against the pablum that radio and music videos have become.

Roger describes his song as "strange. I suppose it's a bit modern, a bit danceable and a bit gaga."

It's the 'danceable' bit that a lot of Queen fans are worried about. As Brian May told me a while back, while admitting to not liking 'Hot Space' himself, "It was probably in retrospect the right thing to do at the time, because we had to investigate all those different avenues and get all those bits of R&B influence out of our system".

So are there traces left?

"It's not dance music in that sort of way," says Roger. "It's not like an R&B funk thing at all, but it has a danceable beat. It was a bit much to think Queen could just overnight turn into a funk band. It's really sort of an electronic song."

The album features "all the modern studio techniques that are available these days," adds Roger.

"But I've just done my own album and I get very mixed up when I think about it. That's what I've been doing for the rest of the year, really, when I haven't been working with Queen."

OH YES. The solo projects. Not an attempt to do a Kiss and release a four-pack of albums on the hungry world, but a way of easing the pressure of being together before the whole group exploded into oblivion.

"We'd got fairly sick of the whole thing about 18 months, two years ago," Roger confirms.

A case of if they hadn't taken that time off they'd have broken up for good – that serious?

"Yes, it was in a way. We were all a bit fed up, a bit tired and everything. We've been doing it for a long time now, so we thought, let's take some time off and literally get back together again when we feel like it – and that was what happened."

What did Roger get out of his solitary stint?

"I learnt not to rush. My first album I did too quickly really and I could have made it a lot better. I've spent a year doing this one and it's just a vast improvement. I mean the first one still has some good things on it, but it has some things that are too average. I should have taken more time and trouble. It could have been more mature – but I'm still waiting to grow up anyway!"

The 'Fun In Space' follow-up, titled 'Strange Frontier' and out in May, is "a totally different record – not like the first one at all".

Strange that he should want to spend so long on it. When someone does a solo album, it's often the complete opposite to anything they do with their group. And with Queen taking so long to touch up and overdub and perfect everything, you'd have thought he'd want to whip his solo album out quick.

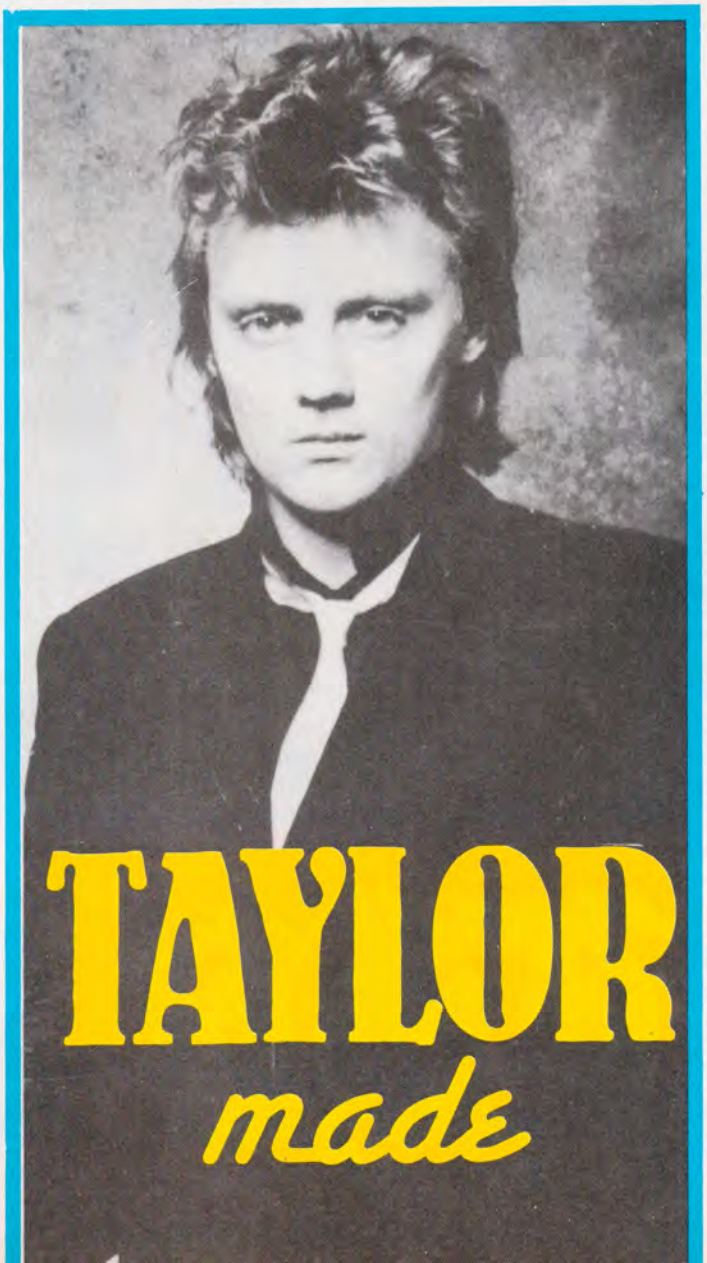
"Yeah, but you can't whip 'em out, you know. They just end up not being good enough. You don't have time to judge things."

Do the individual members generally have enough time off from Queen to do what they want?

"I could have done with a bit longer really. Nobody did anything really epoch-making in the time off" – Brian and his big-name pals did the 'Star Fleet Project', of course; Freddie Mercury was working on stuff with Michael Jackson; John was doing all kinds of weird things with machines and computers – "I think they all went and just rested really, travelled or whatever."

SO WAS 'The Works' harder or easier to make than previous albums?

"It seemed very long. Some of it was very enjoyable and some of it was pure misery. Utter boredom. I find it very difficult to record in LA. I don't find it the most creatively inspiring place. In fact I could be quite rude about it if you like, but I won't! The studio was great and everything" – the musicians' palace, with beds and jacuzzis and pinballs and everything, The Record Plant – "but Los Angeles is a strange place. But in the end, actually, we sort of pulled it out. It came out quite well in the end."



And doing well too. So why did they ever bother to keep changing the Queen style, if they knew all along that the glorious, powerful pomp stuff is what the people wanted?

"Really to keep ourselves interested. Surely it's less boring to have different facets and not be in just one single style? I think it's good that we've been able to have stuff like R&B hits and rockabilly hits and whatever-you-want-to-call-it pomp and circumstance hits."

Talking of pomp and circumstance, what about what perfect human beings Mötley Crüe recently said about Queen – that they're mere intellectuals, that the Crüe is real rock and roll?

"Poor spotty juveniles! It must be hard to be confined to – I don't know; it's pathetic really. It's probably true that they don't have much brain power to think about anything much! They're about as rock and roll as Gene Simmons' bracelet!"

But you've got to admit you do have the reputation for purveying pretentious, grandiose-beyond-belief, bombastic pomp?

"So," chortles Roger, "did Elgar! The Press has always given us a rough ride. It used to bother us, but it doesn't get us down any more. I shall laugh all the way to the bank! What is pretentious, really? I don't think we're pretentious. At least we're up-front about it. If we do something big, we do it BIG – there you are, it's *big!* That's not pretentious – I think there are a lot of pretentious people around, but I don't think we are; you may disagree.

"I think Mötley Crüe saying they're rock and roll is *very* pretentious. In fact I remember those spotty oiks used to come into our dressing room, they used to be mad fans of ours – you can quote me on that."

Ah, times have changed.

"You mean they've gone platinum!"

Okay. A daft question. Have you ever woken up in the middle of the night thinking: Jesus, I've wasted my brain on rock and roll over all these years; I could have been a famous biologist?

"NO – I'd be stuck in some poxy job. I'm absolutely delighted with what's happened. We've had a great 10 years. No, I'm very glad I didn't get stuck in boring England doing some poxy academic job or anything – I'd have absolutely hated it!"

Maybe if Queen did break up – or would he just start another band from scratch?

"Yes, probably. It's going to be like climbing a mountain again. Obviously it wouldn't be the same – it would be starting from scratch, but it wouldn't be starting from pennilessness. But I probably would do something like that."

And a final question: is that likely to arise? Or is Queen very solid at the moment?

"Very solid. Obviously that's why we went back and did it. Yes, very solid actually. And we were delighted to have another hit actually, because you tell yourself, okay, there you are, we can still do it. It's great!"

Yeah, alright, we know it's Spring, but you'll understand what we mean once you read about the sub-zero conditions that exist within BLACKIE LAWLESS' codpiece! Intrigued? Well that's just the tip (ouch!) of the iceberg, according to DANTE BONUTTO and W.A.S.P. . . .

BLACKIE LAWLESS is under momentary strain. You can tell by the way his features have just turned in on themselves, a look rarely seen outside lemon-sucking circles. And then he starts to wriggle, slowly at first as if working a key down his spine, and then violently, the whole ritual building to a big cat roar and the sort of low, breathy sigh much favoured by cartoon combatants in the process of dipping smoking rear ends into a soothing pool or puddle. A low, punctured moan of sheer unsullied *pleasure*.

The former New York Doll takes a deep, deep breath, reaches for his composure and declares himself ready. The ordeal is over and the curtain can rise on another night of infamy . . .

To the uninitiated or the nervously disposed these holocaust high jinks might prove, to say the least, alarming. After all, it's not every day you see someone, apparently sound in mind and body, cold-bloodedly tip a glass of iced water down their codpiece. But this is Los Angeles and this is W.A.S.P bassist/vocalist Blackie Lawless, a six foot plus wall of leather, hair and caustic expression, a man who believes he should've been born triplets and has no qualms about using the 'early frost' principle as a means of prising personal equipment into the aforementioned 'shell' without wringing out tear-ducts or disturbing a distinctive gutter-growl. I mean, the man might want to start a family one day, y'know . . . or at least one he's willing to own up to.

But back to the groin. A brazen declaration of animal intent – read it at your peril! – the codpiece has had pride of place on the Lawless loins for

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Pic Ross Halfin

The Loin

In Winter

from page 18

about a year now, nicely setting off the chainsaw blade between his thighs (not surprisingly, his inside leg measurement is taken rarely and then with some caution). It was put together originally by one of the road crew who thought he'd made it big enough even for the totally tumescent Blackie, but clearly he doesn't know the man as well as he thinks . . .

SO GET to the point, right? Well, sorry chum, but this *is* the point. Blackie's cod-piece is (literally) close to his heart, holding not simply his prospects but the key to the whole W.A.S.P ethos. Put it this way, you won't come away from one of their gigs any the wiser but chances are that, if a flying lamb chop hasn't laid you low (W.A.S.P have been known to bombard their crowds with raw meat), you'll emerge with senses consummately cudgeled, mouth hoisted at the corners and perhaps even the makings of a tasty Sunday tuck-in.

Blackie and Co – that's guitarists Chris Holmes/Randy Piper and drummer Tony Richards – beat their wings furiously at the merest hint of pretension or 'pulpit rock' ("You have to remember where you come from," says The Man, and presumably what bus you took to get there!) As far as they're concerned, music has nothing to do with politics or preaching and isn't meant to be analysed, just *enjoyed* – hence their concentration on the two big E's . . . Escapism & Entertainment.

W.A.S.P, you could say, are a punchbag, a safety valve for a generation brimful of anger, frustration and teenage angst. Poked at by parents and the powers-that-be, baffled by the appearance of bristles, bumps and blackheads and eager to explore the intimate nooks and crannies of the opposite gender, rock 'n' roll juveniles can pummel their fists, dream their dreams and LET IT ALL OUT to W.A.S.P's jagged, adolescent anthems and accompanying grosseries.

When, during stage fave 'Tormentor', Blackie gives the proverbial hard time to a near-naked female 'victim' spreadeagled on a rack, what he's actually doing is preventing a good many overbearing old folk from ending the evening with a baseball bat necklace. Which is why, back in issue 45, he claimed that, "People should be glad we're doing this". Well, some of us certainly are . . .

Looking at W.A.S.P in their Mad Max, 'survivalist' hand-me-downs, it's clear that these troops are on a shock 'n' stun mission. As they go about their business, lifestyles may crumble and small animals wither, yet their antics – however OTT – are constantly balanced by a perverse sense of style and an undeniable backbone of musical talent. 'Schooldaze', 'Hellion', 'B.A.D', 'On Your Knees', 'I Wanna Be Somebody' . . . these hell and highwater heart attacks strike straight from the crotch, fulfilling Blackie's claim that rock 'n' roll should be "simple, sweaty and smelly". Which brings us back to . . .

BLACKIE LAWLESS: a bloody luxury (pic Ross Halfin).

"I'VE BEEN sitting here admiring my crotch for the last ten minutes," chortles the bas(e)ist, a deep, rasping, confident cackle born of late nights and questionable living, "I can't wait for you to see it!"

A tempting offer, certainly, though I should point out at this stage that what the Lawless one (phoning from LA) is referring to is a photographic reproduction of the codpiece in question, trickling blood naturally, meant to appear on the sleeve of the band's debut 45, 'Animal (I F**k Like A Beast)' c/w 'Show No Mercy', scheduled for imminent release on the *Capitol* label. I say *meant* because, for various reasons, it can't now be used so what you'll get instead is a plain black bag emblazoned with a warning about obscene lyrical content with four pics of the band on the back.

No codpiece, I'm afraid, plus an A-side title amended to 'Animal (I . . . Like A Beast)', though I doubt if many, Mary Whitehouse and her ilk included, will scratch heads for too long wondering what the missing word should be.

The aforementioned seven inches of outrage will *only* be released, for the moment at least, in the UK and parts of Europe (where it may appear with MK 1 sleeve intact!), though it should surface at some later date in the US, perhaps with a bleep inserted where offence might be taken ("Americans will lap it up like dogs" – Blackie). The *first* Stateside single, however, looks like being 'Schooldaze', a comprehensive early Kiss-style rant against text-book tyranny that should lend itself well to extravagant video back-up, with an album to follow in early May.

West Coast Metal *entrepreneur* Mike Varney, an old friend of Blackie's, looks set to co-produce with the latter at the LA Record Plant (Varney also did the single at Cherokee Studios), though the band, by all accounts, had several more established names interested in taking over the console. Frank Zappa was mentioned and so was Ace Frehley, another Lawless compatriot . . .

"Oh, Ace and I have been friends for a long time. He came out to LA but he wasn't sure what he wanted to do himself at that point. In the end, out of regard for our mutual health, we decided not to work together.

"Anyway, he's got his own band now and an album on the way, which he did in his basement studio. But I'd really like to work with Ace later on down the line."

On the evidence of the single, however, I must admit to having certain reservations about Varney when the man dons his production cap. The song itself is great, a bristling sewer-side explosion of crass, commercial crunch, but things do tend to come unstuck a little around the drum/vocal tracks. Still, according to Blackie, the 45 has been served up purposefully raw for the European market so perhaps the album, tentatively titled 'Winged Assassins', will have a shade more finesse. *Perhaps* . . . and then again p'raps not, cos (Journey/Toto/quiche fans be warned) this band prides itself on a sound guaranteed not only to kill your lawn but cremate it as well!

"W.A.S.P should come across like a tin can being torn open with a pair of pliers," states Blackie solemnly, "we're pretty much after a live sound."

TO BACK-PEDAL a little, that sound first grabbed my attention via a four-track demo thrust into my hot, perspiring palm by an acquaintance inclined to indulge in such activity. Good? Come on! This was total, in-flight bruiserama, a sting and sting again package that sent electric adrenalin jolts through the partially slumped frames of your *Kerrang!* pen 'n' inkers.

Ears that had stood idle and unpricked since the last whispered mention of a lig suddenly blushed red hot and Malcolm 'Dr Doom' Dome had to be given the Blue Blanket and hastily bundled away simply to protect the shag-pile. Not since the M80 demo (or, more precisely, the extra track featuring then drummer Sam Mann doing what comes naturally with a gal of unknown origin) had the office stereo spewed forth such gut-level, pig-sticking rock 'n' roll, very much I suspect a Lawless brainchild.

The more our conversation developed, the more I got the feeling that W.A.S.P in thought, word and deed, the entire sight and sound blend, is very much of Blackie's construction, the fevered outpourings of a brain both warped and fertile, with fresh ideas bounced, I suspect, off blond guitarist Chris Holmes . . .

"With his imagination, he's gonna have to make a lot of money just to keep himself out of jail," chortled the black 'n' hairy one, going on to recall how, in the days when W.A.S.P was nowt but a faint twitch in his

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MR. SHEEN

PAUL ROLAND fulfils a driving ambition by interviewing RIC OCASEK (above centre), frontman with THE CARS.

FEW BANDS have had to contend with the critical lambasting that the Cars have endured throughout their career. No doubt some blame could be levelled at the band's own arty pretensions and Ric Ocasek's apparently emotionless pop-art songs, but hooks can be deceptive.

Because beneath the smooth sheen of their multi-platinum albums there beats a 'rock and roll heart'.

The legendary 'Mutt' Lange knows it too, and that's why he agreed to produce their new album 'Heartbeat City'.

It's the first Cars album for over two years and though it doesn't herald any dramatic change in direction, it does present a clutch of potential singles, any one of which could see them back in favour with the British Press. And, as Ric told me repeatedly during the course of our interview, Britain is of special importance to them.

"I like British music and the way it grows so quickly," he said, unable to mask his enthusiasm behind the familiar shades. "In the States a band can hit on something good, but because they're in Kansas it takes a year to reach the rest of the country."

Stage two of the Cars' plan to win British approval begins with the video for their next single 'Hello Again'. It will see the debut of the one and only Andy Warhol as director. Amazingly, the prolific Warhol has not yet dabbled in rock promo videos.

"He's shooting it on 8mm and he's mixing in a lot of different visual formats. It's going to be very surreal and funny. It'll show us as we really are, not supercool as people think."

The Cars' image, however, was very much of their own design. An image perpetuated by the use of pop-art motifs on each album sleeve: the racing flag on 'Panorama', the model and cocktail shaker on 'Shake It Up' and, of course, the Vargas illustration for 'Candy-O'. Alberto Vargas, the famed pin-up artist, was tempted out of retirement by drummer Dave Robinson.

"Dave collects pin-up art from the 20's and 30's it was his idea to commission Vargas to do the artwork. We traced him to LA and just arrived at his house one morning and knocked at his front door. We continued with that theme on the new one, but added elements of high tech and pop art."

IT HAS been such attention to style that has blinded most critics to the true content of the Cars' material. Each song beams with class – honest-to-goodness rock beefed up with a solid rhythmic punch, alternately loping and thrusting forward, laced with the neatest keyboard and guitar hooks this side of T. Rex.

In fact the Cars' infectious beat owes more to Marc Bolan than it does to the Velvet Underground or Roxy Music, with whom they have been compared. Ric's vocal style is also deceptive. Its timber invites comparison with David Byrne of Talking Heads, but its inflections remind you of Iggy Pop during his sub-Bowie period. Coincidentally, Ric has just finished producing six tracks for Iggy's new album which should be released shortly.

Yes, folks. There is a lot more to this man than a skinny tie and shades.

'Heartbeat City' is the first Cars album not to have been produced by Roy Thomas Baker. After four similar sounding LPs, Roy and the Cars have parted company.

"We didn't use Roy for the new one simply because we wanted a change. I had been producing other people and recording my own solo album and I felt that I had enough experience to keep the Cars sound whoever we worked with."

So who approached who?

"We approached Mutt, basically. I thought he was a great sound engineer though I have to admit I don't like the type of music he's done. I don't particularly like Def Leppard, but I do like the sound of their records. If you can get a Heavy Metal band to sound clear and big as well as heavy then you must be good. It's probably the hardest type of music to produce properly. So his heavy hand lent weight to our tracks."

Ric had demoed most of the new tracks at Syncro Sound, an amazing state of the art complex that he bought and converted as soon as the Cars' worldwide record sales topped 10 million. With 15 tracks on tape, he then took the first plane out of New

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

York, fully intending to return in eight weeks. But instead he spent five months on the album at Willesden's Battery Studios on Mutt's insistence.

FOR ALL Mutt's pains, 'Heartbeat City' doesn't sound *that* different from any of the previous four albums. The familiar clicking guitar is still there on 'Hello Again' and 'You Might Think' – which Ric says goes back to the days when he didn't have a drummer and had to emphasise the beat on the bottom strings – and so is the beefy 'live' drum sound.

"It's not a drastic change in sound, I admit, but you can't make a heavy sound transition if the same people are playing on all the records. It's still lush!"

'Lush' is the operative word. The shift in emphasis to keyboards took me back a bit, but apparently "Mutt was keen on working with keyboards because he was tired of guitar bands!"

Apparently Mutt spent six weeks at the Cars' rehearsals before going into the studio and it seems that he took that time to weed out the rockier tracks. The overall feel of the album is more introspective and relaxed than usual.

"Mutt selected the material and I guess he mainly chose mid tempo things. His tastes are more commercial than mine. He just passed on what I call the more 'out there' songs. For him it was avante garde enough. Oddly enough, I can't tell how it sounds. We worked on it so long! Using 48 tracks also tends to make it sound quite full and mellow. But it's just this record, the way it came out. The next one will probably be done live, as the first album was, with very few overdubs. I like both methods of recording, but that quick way has got a spark to it."

That first album, simply titled 'The Cars' and also recorded in London, established the band as an immediate AOR/Top 40 crossover act in '78, sold six million copies in as many months, and stayed in the American charts longer than any other rock album with the exception of 'Dark Side Of The Moon'. Such rapid and unexpected success caught the band by surprise.

"We were a club band and didn't expect anything at all. We didn't have any preconceived notions about selling huge amounts or anything like that. We were just happy to have a record that we could pull out of a sleeve and look at."

THE TRACK that made it possible for the band to make their only UK tour to date was, of course, 'My Best Friend's Girl'.

I wondered if their subsequent lack of success over here was due in part to a backlash over the single's blatant novelty appeal – it being one of the first victims of picture disc hype. Or perhaps it was lack of promotion or the band's reluctance to tour?

"I think it's a mixture of all three. I haven't told anyone till now, but that picture disc had nothing whatsoever to do with the Cars. It was purely a record company device that we didn't have any control over. We had a bad manager at the time who let it happen and it was bad for us. It's true though that we haven't toured in some years, but it's a matter of logistics. I don't know how well the records have done in the UK, but it could be uncomfortable. The trouble is that in England you have this competitive attitude about American bands. I don't. It's a sickening waste of time. The English think of us as upper class suburbanites or something, and it's not a healthy attitude. We are perceived very differently to how we actually feel. If the English are told it's uncool to listen to the Cars, then they won't listen. But we are not a run of the mill rock band."

That is a fact that anybody with two ears and a open mind could confirm. Ric's lyrics have never been as accessible as they are on the new album, having reached a point of no return on his solo outing 'Beatitude'.

"The solo LP was a lot heavier lyrically. They were like the cut-up lyrics Bowie used to do. I either cut them up visually or I physically transposed the lines. Words, to me, paint pictures, and I'd rather leave a lot to the imagination. Music should always do that. I've been influenced by the beat poets such as E. Cummings. I've always had a surrealist's view of the world."

The solo album also took longer to materialise than expected, giving rise to rumours of a split with the Cars.

"I suppose that was inevitable really, but here we are still together. We never really fell apart – the solo LP was just an alternative outlet for my songs which I recorded with local musicians. I got sidetracked by it and several other projects."

Ric is keen to release one solo album *and* a Cars LP every year from now on. He has half of the songs for the solo project already, five of which were left off the new album as they were too energetic for Mutt's liking! There is also talk of a UK tour in the late summer, the first for five years, and a possible video compilation. Meantime we have the album and I for one am more than satisfied with that.

Drive me crazy!

WIN A JUDAS PRIEST VIDEO

IT'S HERE at last! JUDAS PRIEST – LIVE on video, one-and-a-half hours of non-stop concert footage in full stereo . . . and it could be yours FREE!

CBS/FOX Video are giving away 15 copies of JUDAS PRIEST – LIVE to *Kerrang!* readers, and there's an added bonus. The videos are autographed by each member of the band. There are also five runner-up prizes, copies of Judas Priest's latest album 'Defenders Of The Faith', courtesy of CBS Records.

Released simultaneously through CBS/FOX Video and CBS Records, JUDAS PRIEST – LIVE was recorded in the USA in December 1982. It includes classic songs from albums such as 'Point Of Entry', 'Killing Machine', 'Unleashed In The East', 'British Steel' and 'Screaming For Vengeance'.

All you have to do is answer the questions below, write your reply down on a postcard and send it to: CBS/FOX/*KERRANG!* COMPETITION, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex. The first 15 correct entries to be pulled out of the post bag will win the videos.

1. **Name the first record company to sign Judas Priest in the Seventies.**
2. **What year saw the release of the 'Stained Class' album?**
3. **What town did the band originally come from?**
4. **Which album went platinum in the US in 1982?**
5. **Who produced the album 'Point Of Entry'?**
6. **Name the first album Judas Priest produced after signing with CBS Records.**

Please state which format you require (VHS or BETA).

Happy Motöring

LEMMY unleashes the revitalised MOTÖRHEAD on an unsuspecting MALCOLM DÖME.

TURN AROUND – once upon a time in the West (way) there emerged three mutilating road warriors who rolled the rock and created an avalanche. From 'Overkill' to 'No Sleep. . .', they proved the cannon could still be mightier than the synth. Musical sensitivity was crushed beneath The March Of The Jackboot Chord. But. . .

TURN AROUND – a near fatal coronary occurred when they attempted to trade their *crassability* in part-exchange for *credibility*. 'Iron Fist' came and 'Fast' Eddie went, and the 'Robbo'-tised 'Another Perfect Day' saw the remaining lunatics meekly donning strait-jackets. The legend lived on, but the body was decomposing. Then. . .

TURN AROUND BRIGHT EYES – it's '84 and Lemmy's back for more. Well, eventually anyway. Not for the first time in his turbulent career, rock 'n' roll's own Rasputin is two-and-a-half hours behind schedule . . .

"SORRY I'M late, but, y'know, f**king Bo Derek arrived last night. She'd had another flaming row with her hubby, so what could I do?!"

Well, even in the grumble-tumble world of Lemmola, that's gotta be a pretty nifty excuse. But, wait a minute, just what the heck is Lemmy doing cracking silly jokes at a supposedly serious time like this? After all, his very own creation (as I indicated right at the genesis of this sub-biblical feature), the much-loved Motorhead, would seem to be very much up against the ropes, punch-drunk and ready to drop.

Strange as it might seem, there's actually an air of joyous harvest-time celebration about the newly-smelted quartet. Bombastic banter based on the legendary 'Ripping Yarns' series was constantly being thrown across the Nomis rehearsal studio between Pete 'Golden Gloves' Gill (centre forward with Barnstable United and occasional drummer) and a certain Mr. Kilmister, whom rumour has it is only allowed to open his mouth during licensing hours due to the alcohol-saturation of his breath! Oh yeah, and then there's the joke about the muso, the record company executive, the briefcase and the loo. . . but as the man said, it's the music that matters!

MANACLED CONVENIENTLY to a loitering wooden bench ('Posture springing? Never 'eard of it, mate'), my ears – delicate organs at the best of times – were subjected to a truly awesome batter/clatter experience, the sound of Motorhead re-discovering their vintage form. The band haven't delivered with such passion, pride and polydecibel pacing for perhaps four long, lean years. Listening to re-awakened slumberjacks like 'Bomber', 'No Class' and 'Jailbait' was akin to being assaulted by an amplified train wreck – except somehow the Advance Powerpack Train stayed firmly on the rails.

"I haven't felt so excited about a band for ages. It frightens me to contemplate how powerful we'll be by the time we start gigging."

Gill's kit was a raging pterodactyl, swooping with uncanny accuracy and mindless fury, whilst new guitarists Phil Campbell and Wurzel lived up to Lemmy's promise that "they've the expertise of 'Robbo', yet the thrash of Eddie". As for the zit fiend, the Lemmousine acted as if his engine was overdosed on an adrenalin rush. This was genuine cannibal rock – eat 'em alive and spit out the bones.

Moreover, all four members of the newly re-upholstered 'Head machine so obviously enjoyed being part of the set-up. They positively revelled in each other's enthusiasm. Let it be known across the solar system ('No Sleep Till Gannymede', eh?) that Motorhead are once again ready to spill blood rather than lick their wounds.

"I tell ya," said an out-of-breath Lemmy at the end of this brief taste of guaranteed catalclysmic concerto, "I haven't felt so excited about a band for ages. It's sounding so good that we can't wait to get out onstage and do our stuff in public. And just think, you've heard us after only half-a-dozen rehearsals. It frightens me to contemplate how powerful we'll be by the time we start gigging.

"Oh sure, *I* am *Motorhead* and *Motorhead* is *me*, but this is a democratic band and every member has his say; I reckon that's something Eddie could never quite come to terms with. He always thought of this as my band and in the end felt he had to walk out in the middle of an American tour in order to gain some recognition. At least Phil did things in a proper manner."

HMMM . . . THE subject of 'Philthy' Taylor's somewhat surprising decision to leave the band simply cannot be avoided. So . . .

"Well, he made that choice in early February," revealed El Lemmo. "He called a meeting and told us he was gonna split. I've not see him since, but we're still on good terms. I guess he wasn't happy with what Motorhead planned to do. As far as I know, he's definitely rehearsing with 'Robbo' and Phil Lynott (see *Mayhem*, issue 64), but I can't see it lasting. The trouble is I'm sure 'Robbo' has talked him into accepting his point of view. But after the ridiculous things that went down on the last Motorhead tour, I doubt if Phil will risk going on the road with 'Robbo' again.

"People should make a point of tuning into 'The Young Ones' in early May (*BBC TV*) to catch Phil, myself and these two guitarists performing 'Ace Of Spades' – I think it's the fourth episode of the new series. Personally, I thought it sounded pretty good, but Phil obviously had other ideas. It'll be the only chance anyone will get to judge how things might have worked out if he were still with us."

So enter Pete Gill. A member of the Saxon crusade up to (and including) 'Denim & Leather', the muscular sticksman has been totally off the scene for well over two years.

"When I first came to rehearse with this lot I'd not touched a kit for a considerable time. You see, I'm still owed a lot of money by Saxon and because of certain contractual problems I was trying to sort out, I didn't feel inclined to join any band. The matter is *sub judice* at present so let's just say that one way or another Saxon are gonna have to pay up. The law is definitely on my side.

"I left the band due to the old management who warned me that, because of personality and musical clashes I was having with certain members of Saxon, it would be better for me to get out. And, judging by what's happened to 'em since, I'm glad I did.

"Originally, I intended to get straight into a new gig, but then these financial hassles started up and I found it took up a lot of my time just keeping track of all the litigation going on. Mind you, I've had lots of offers (he's been linked with the likes of Gary Moore, Status Quo and Krokus in recent times), but I sat tight . . . until now."

WELL, WHAT made him the right choice for MH?

"I was really impressed with him when Saxon supported us on the 'Bomber' tour (1979)," explained a chuckling Lemmy. "Y'see, he was the only one who could get as pissed as me and also handle my breakfast bevvy of vodka & orange! So I rang him up at the sandwich bar in Barnsley where he was employed at the time, ordered two large 'cheese on ryes' and asked him to join the band."

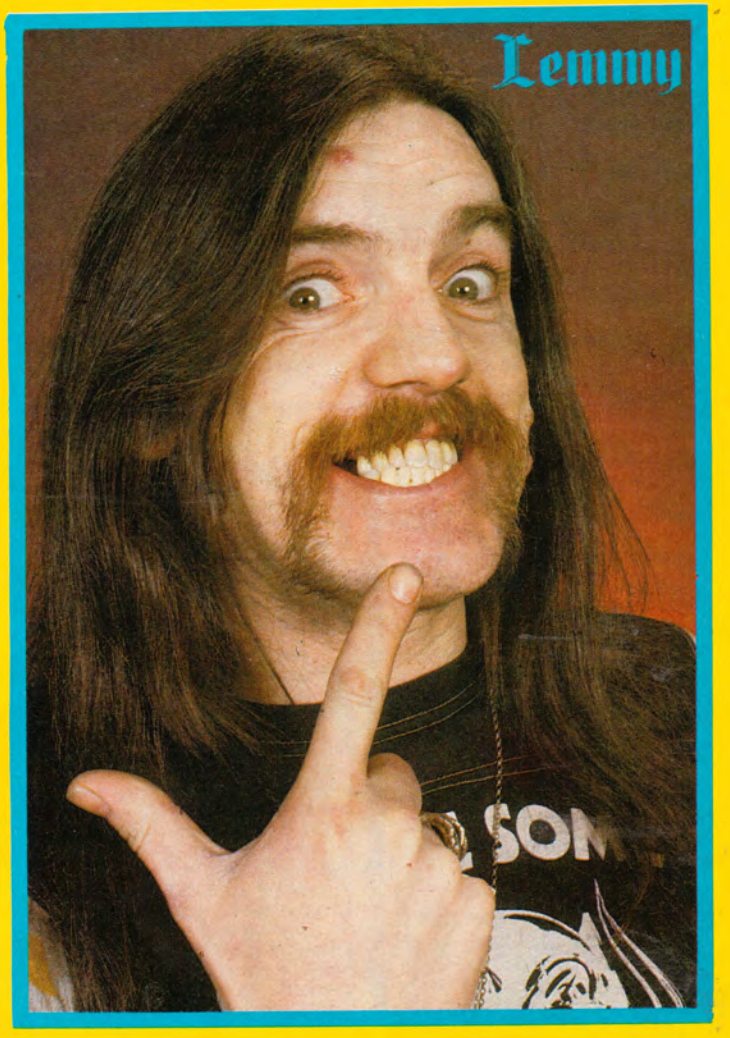
"Nah, that's not true at all," protested Gill, anxious to dismiss heinous rumours that he traded in the thump of the bass drum for the ring of the cash till over the last two years. "I've actually spent my time fishing, riding, training, looking after business interests and sorting out this legal problem. I came down to London after I got a call from Doug Smith (the 'Head's longstanding manager) and he persuaded me to give it a go. Anyway, I had a blow with the guys, went out for a few drinks and a few laffs, came back the next day. . . and it clicked, y'know. Lemmy gave me a big kiss and I was in. Oh, a lot of my friends thought it was a crazy move to make, but the chemistry is right."

And it beats doing the washing-up, eh? Mind you, on the surface the combination of Gill and Lemmy seems an unlikely one. The *Persil* white sparkler meets the coal-hole dirt box. It's as unthinkable as wholesome Doris Day shacking up with Charles Manson! After

STORY CONTINUES AFTER MOTÖRHEAD COLOUR CENTRESPREAD

Pix George Bodnar

motörhead



MOTORHEAD
FROM PAGE 23

all, Pete Gill looks fit enough to survive three or four rounds with Marvin Hagler whilst Lemmy still seems more than capable of holding his own over several rounds with Xavier Russell (work out the difference for yourself). However, when the music bites and the teethmarks remain visible, who can argue?

Similarly, the addition of ex-Persian Risk man Campbell and former army corporal Wurzel seems superficially strange. The former is a quietly spoken Welsh yokel (could the title of the next 'Head opus be 'Leek Us Prey' or 'Leek A Hurricane'?), whilst the latter has the sort of scruff-rough persona that clearly fits his scarecrow-inspired nickname. Yet put 'em onstage and they burn the boards – just call them the Sizzle Twins!

"Look at 'em, what a pair of jokers," bellowed Lemmy. "Ya wanna know why I went for two guitarists? Well, after loads of applicants had been processed and rejected, the choice lay between Phil and Wurzel. On the day of the final audition, I was a bit sneaky. I sent 'em down to the pub on their own for 30 minutes. And when I joined 'em, they were already working out how it would be possible for them to play together – which is what I wanted! I just had a feeling that the two could work as a team. I think I was right."

THE BID to win the public over to Lemmy's way of thinking begins early next month when Motorhead play a short series of Euro-dates, before headlining at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 7, performing a set that might well include a couple of, as yet unwritten, newies. After that. . .

"I hope we can record a single," said Lemmy. "Then we'll do a US tour and get an album ready for release before the end of 1984 and plan a full British trek. As usual, though, all our carefully-laid plans will quickly go wrong, we'll have to wait and see.

"One thing I know for sure, though, this time around we are *not* rushing into anything. Our last two studio LPs, 'Iron Fist'/'Another Perfect Day', were hurried out to meet demands from our record company, Bronze. As a result, they were sub-standard. I'm determined to avoid a repetition of such circumstances. In fact, I'd like to work with Vic Maile again as he produced our best albums ('Ace Of Spades'/'No Sleep. . .'), but we'll have to wait and see.

"Anyway, you just tell the readers of *Kerrang!* to give us a chance and turn up at the Hammy Odeon on the 7th (Campbell's birthday). I'm convinced we've got what it takes to win 'em over."

I can hear the sound of dying lawns on the horizon!

Kultura

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

NEWS

KRYSTAL STUDIOS have just made available a 35 minute film giving an insight into the daily workings of a radio station. Titled **'Radio In Vision'**, it features **Allen Mackenzie** (Managing Director of *Radio Tay*) and **George Mackintosh** (Head Of Programmes at the same station) discussing the intricacies of working in radio.

Interested parties can obtain copies in VHS or Betamax formats (retail price is £14.95, plus postage) from: **Krystal Studios, Breedan Cross Storage, Dale Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6AQ.**

POLYGRAM VIDEOS have just released **'The Outlaws Live In Concert'** and **'Kansas Live'**.

The former was recorded at the Tower Theatre in Philadelphia, runs for about 80 minutes and has the following track listing: **'Devil's Road', 'Hurry Sundown', 'Don't Stop', 'Long Gone', 'You Are The Show', 'Easy Does It', 'Goodbye', 'Foxtail Lily', 'Green Grass & High Tides', 'Ghost Riders', 'There Goes Another Love Song'.**

'Kansas Live' was filmed at the Omaha Auditorium in Nebraska and lasts about 60 minutes. The track listing is: **'Paradox', 'Windows', 'Right Away', 'Sparks Of The Tempest', 'Diamonds & Pearls', 'Mysteries & Mayhem', 'No One Together', 'Hold On', 'Dust In The Wind', 'Chasing Shadows', 'Crossfire', 'Face It', 'Play The Game Tonight', 'Carry On Wayward Son', 'Portrait', 'Down The Road'.**

Both videos retail at £13.50 and are available in VHS/Betamax.

THE TWO volumes of **Pete Frame's** much-praised **'Rock Family Trees'** have now been combined into one book. It's published by Omnibus Press and retails at £7.95.

IN THE wake of **Helmut Newton** shooting the front cover for the **Scorpions'** 'Love At First Sting' album, **Rush** recently commissioned **Karsh**, allegedly the world's highest paid lensman (aside from **Ray Palmer**), to photograph them for the back cover of their latest album, **'Grace Under Pressure'.**

Karsh rose to prominence in the Thirties and Forties by photographing such Hollywood legends as **Humphrey Bogart.**

BOOKS

PET SEMATARY by **Stephen King** (Hodder & Stoughton)
STEPHEN KING combines brevity and skill in the art of capturing terror. His *fame* as a master of horror with such bestsellers as 'Carrie', 'Cujo' and 'The Shining' should not obscure his deft *artistry*. As he unfolds a disarmingly frank narrative style his simplicity only serves to heighten the growing suspicions and nameless fears of the reader as he is lead towards the ultimate terror and mystery.

King delights in exposing the nice, harmless middle-American family to the unexpected.

So, to 'PS'. The story concerns a Chicago doctor, Louis Creed, who moves with his family and their pet cat Winston Churchill to New England, a spooky part of America. It's a place full of dark forests, haunted by the ghosts of the Indians and early settlers. And as soon as the family settle into their country home, tales of evil begin to bedevil them. They are, for instance, shown a spot where the local children bury dead pets. It seems a caring if somewhat disturbing idea, but when a student at the university where Creed works is brought in dying from a car accident, he babbles a story about the 'Pet Sematary' that Creed finds hard to believe.

Near the cemetary is another burial ground, one that was used by the Indian tribe who inhabited the area. It is claimed that this is capable of arousing powerful forces that even frightened the Indians of yore.

Here, then, is the basis for a tale so frightening that even Stephen King says he would rather not return to the scene of his own imaginings. Powerful stuff. Leave the light on if you read in bed at night. CHRIS WELCH

VIDEOS

'MAKING MICHAEL JACKSON'S THRILLER' (Vestron Video International)
THE VIDEO of the video of the single from the album sounds like it might be stretching a point, but Michael Jackson's 'Thriller', apart from being the biggest selling album in the history of the Universe (in excess of 30 million copies), has inspired a rock video that pretty well defines the state-of-the art. As such, a 'behind-the-scenes' explanation of how it was made is doubtless a justifiable addition to the ever-expanding 'Thriller' legacy.

Jackson's fascination with spook films, and his admiration for director John Landis's acclaimed 'An American Werewolf In London' provided the original spark for the 'Thriller' video. Together with Landis, Jackson concocted a 14 minute extravaganza that turned the notion of the video as a mere promotional tool on its head. Zombies, ghouls and the rotting undead dance in synchronised formation with a yellow-eyed Jackson, while his terrorised girlfriend seeks refuge in a distinctly non-G-Plan house. It is the same girlfriend whom we see at an earlier stage discovering 'something strange' about Michael (apart from his emasculated voice)!

Following the video itself, we are treated to an intriguing breakdown of the various stages involved in making it – rehearsals, the make-up process, choreography, etc – intercut with excerpts from previous Jackson videos, and archive footage of early Jackson Five performances when Michael was but a child.

Who'd have thought he would turn into such a monster, and still be able to dance better than Ozzy Osbourne?! DAVID SINCLAIR

'LIQUID SKY' (VTC)
'LIQUID SKY' has to be the *ultimate* sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll film. Indeed this is undoubtedly the wildest movie I've seen since the outrageous 'Pink Flamingoes'.

The setting for 'LS' is perfect. Take the biggest khazi in the world (New York), add a few new wave characters, put them in a decadent Manhattan night club with the backing of a truly appalling technopop soundtrack and you've got an instant Dicksonian/Suterian picture – soft-porn meets sci-fi weirdness.

The plot concerns a UFO (literally the size of a plate) that lands in New York providing the occupying Martian with the opportunity of acting out his voyeuristic fantasies. Apparently, the alien in question is attracted to our planet due to a chemical produced by the human brain on a person attaining orgasm or by the presence of heroin in the body. Naturally, our friendly neighbourhood visitor has chosen the perfect spot to get such a fix.

So, does the extraterrestrial dirty ole man get away with such anti-social behaviour? Or does 'virtue' win the day? You'll have to see this in the privacy of your own living room to find out the answer. All I'll say in conclusion is that 'LS' is a superb B-movie, well worth hiring or buying. XAVIER RUSSELL

FILMS

SCHEDULED FOR release in Britain during May is the latest movie to be based on a Stephen King novel, 'The Dead Zone'. Starring Christopher Walken, Brooke Adams, Herbert Lom, Anthony Zerbe and Martin Sheen, the film was directed by David Cronenberg. It will have an '18' certificate and has a running time of 103 minutes.

EASY ACTION

DUNNO 'BOUT you mate, but I'd rather ogle at Abba any day. Nevertheless, as soon as the needle kisses the plastic, fears of a gaudy glam rock rub-out disappear in a cloud of powderpuffs.

All the way from sunny Schvee-den, one year old Easy Action are currently browsing through the beauty parlours of Blighty inbetween shooting the video for their first single since signing to Sire (through WEA). It's called 'We Go Rockin" and the chaps tell me that said video will be a James Bond-type mini-adventure. Apparently, singer Zin Zan is kidnapped by a group of baddies (boo-hiss!) and the rest of the band – Kee Marcello (lead guitar), Chris Linn (rhythm guitar), Alex Tyrone (bass) and Freddy Van Gerber (drums) – find themselves having to go onstage without him at a local gig. Fortunately, good ol' ZZ gives 'em the slip and turns up in time to sing the last chorus.

Released on Friday April 13, the single – which has already sold remarkably well on import – will precede Easy Action's self-titled debut LP, which'll differ from the Swedish version in mix and track selection but should be ready for June release.

An instant blend of Metal riffery, punky power, Gen X-type aggression and a generous helping of glitter-glam with notable ingredients from early Sweet, just add boiling water, stir well and give that volume control an encouraging nudge.

MARK PUTTERFORD

SAMSON
Pic Ray Palmer

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

SAMSON are about to get even with the people who once labelled them 'the band that never quite made it'. DAVID SINCLAIR reports from Germany . . .

ALL THE best guidelines for living have an irresistible undercurrent of wisdom.

"If at first you don't succeed . . ." is an obvious one, while the Stones summed up a universal truth when Jagger sang *"You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes you get what you need"*.

In Samson's case, 'Don't Get Mad, Get Even' – a popular American catchphrase – is much more than a convenient slogan for an album title. It is a philosophy of life that has borne them through the vicissitudes of long years on the rock 'n' roll road. The past frustrations created by bad management, ropey recording contracts, badly-timed personnel changes and watching their contemporaries rocketing to platinum status in the States, have been channelled not into useless anger, but into a strengthening of resolve to change the situation in their favour.

Likewise, the present frustrations of supporting Gary Moore on tour in Europe – restricted stage space, inadequate time for sound checks, low-budget hotels and transport – are not deterring the band one iota from the job in hand: playing absolutely the best show it's in them to do and having a good time on the road. Samson are set to get even.

HAMBURG IS a cold, quiet city this March weekend, as photographer Ray Palmer and myself arrive after a one-and-a-half hour flight and check into our single rooms in the austere hotel. The band's budget, however, doesn't stretch to the luxury of plane rides, and they arrive a couple of hours after us, having endured a 24-hour boat trip from Haridge to Hamburg.

"It made the boat in 'Papillon' look like the QE2," comments Paul Samson as the band check into their shared accommodation. "We get a bit lonely all split up into single rooms," he explains, determined to make the best of it.

Samson have recently undergone another personnel change, though one that has been carefully planned so as not to interfere with the flow of activities generated by the release of 'Don't Get Mad, Get Even'. Bassist and founder member Chris Aylmer has left to be replaced by Mervyn Goldsworthy (ex-Diamond Head), and in a new move Dave Colwell (previously with the Mick Ralphs Band) has been added on second guitar. Vocalist Nicky Moore and drummer Pete Jupp remain, with Paul Samson now the only original member still in the group.

"Chris Aylmer had drifted apart from the rest of the band," explains Paul. "Both musically and in terms of motivation to get out and play, Chris just wasn't getting on with us any more. I was getting bored with a lot of the things he was playing, and Chris wasn't very keen on the direction the music was taking. He'd lost his hunger. He'd ask what hotels we were staying in, how we'd be travelling, what spending money we'd be getting and so on, before he'd ask what gigs we were doing, which is a bit depressing when you've just spent hours on the phone trying to set things up."

The arrival of Mervyn Goldsworthy and Dave Colwell has undoubtedly given the band a new input of fresh enthusiasm, and musically they are now a long way on from the old Bruce (Dickinson) Bruce/Thunderstick days.

"The hardest thing of all is trying to get people to accept that it is different," comments Paul. "It's like a new band really. But in the UK particularly I still get people coming up to me and saying, 'I didn't come to your gig because I don't like Thunderstick'. And yet Thunderstick left three years ago. I'm not saying everything was bad then; I don't regret that period. But that was the summer of '81 and, although we're a far better band now, some people aren't giving it a chance because of what happened before. I really feel it's about time we got away from that tag of 'the band that never quite made it'."

MY OWN impressions of Samson have certainly changed through listening to the new album. Last January, armed with a scant knowledge of the band garnered from some cursory listens to odd early tracks, and perhaps a half-formed prejudice borne out of the old Thunderstick ballyhoo, I reviewed the pre-Goldsworthy/Colwell band at the Marquee. Despite acknowledging the obvious vocal talents of Nicky Moore and the unswerving finesse of the wonderful Pete Jupp, I was less than enamoured with the group as a whole.

However, when I heard the single, 'Are You Ready', I was reluctantly impressed. And then when I got ahold of the album, and really *listened* to it, I realised it's a monster. Don't get mad . . .

Despite their outwardly boisterous behaviour, loutish looks and Paul's frequent vigorous denouncements of hippies, Samson are actually rather gentle people.

"I can't stand all this comic-book HM stuff, where the band says, 'We're gonna be the loudest, toughest, biggest, stupidest group that ever existed, and death to anyone who disagrees'," says Paul Samson. "And half the time they can't even play very well. That's just not our style. We put all our aggression into the music. It's hard rock music with a feeling that comes from the blues. If people would just listen to it and give us a chance without dragging out the old prejudices, I think we could appeal to a much broader audience."

"But it's still a matter of how you gauge success," says Nicky Moore. "I'm in a band where I'm getting a wage each week, I'm going round the world playing music – loads of people would give their right arm to have what I've got. I'm happy, but obviously we'd all like it to be better. I look at someone like Def Leppard and it staggers me. Success on that scale is staggering. I wish I knew how they did it; I think it's wonderful, and good luck to 'em."

There's a great sense of being a 'proper group' amongst Samson. Although Paul is obviously the leader, this is not a 'pay 'em by the note' operation along the lines of say Pat Travers' or Uli Roth's bands. To his credit, Paul appreciates that a band in their position should receive an equal share of reward for a fair division of labour. Although it is Paul who brings most of the original ideas for songs to the studio, the songwriting credits (so far) have been equally split, because at the end of the day it is the band as a whole which knocks the songs into shape. In the event of a big-selling record in America, the proceeds from songwriting royalties are vast, and the fact that Pete Jupp would make as much as Nicky Moore (who writes most of the lyrics) will stand the group in good stead.

On a more fundamental level it's also an attitude that keeps the band in touch with each other, functioning as a unit.

"We're all given a say," Nicky Moore explains, "but somebody's got to lead. It's not as if Paul says, 'I want this' and we all go off dutifully and do it. It's his band, but we don't have a 'he's the boss and I'm his singer' relationship. We discuss things; he's my mate. We travel a lot together. He's a bit of a softie when it actually comes down to it, but he'd never admit to it."

WHAT REMAINS to be seen is how the new recruits, Mervyn and Dave, fit in to a five-piece Samson. As personalities they seem to gel remarkably well with Moore, Samson and Jupp, though I'm reminded of a comment that Andy Summers once made about groups that are bigger than a trio tending, quite naturally, to split up into camps.

Moore, Samson and Jupp are ascloseasthis after nigh on three years together, while Goldsworthy and Colwell are also old mates. As a band the five of them have only been together for ten weeks and it will be interesting to see just how well integrated they do become. Inevitably, at the moment, there's an element of the two new boys still settling in.

Unfortunately, the stageing at the gig at Hamburg's Markthalle underlines this feeling. Setting up in front of Gary Moore's gear on a fairly small stage is not the easiest of tasks.

"In terms of personal relationships we get on great with Gary Moore's band," says Paul. "As musician to musician we get on really well; but in terms of facilities, it's the worst room (on stage) and lights and lack of soundchecks I've ever experienced on a tour. But we don't moan – we can handle it."

Pete Jupp's kit, set awkwardly on a riser that straddles part of Ian Paice's, completely bisects the stage, leaving about a foot in front for Nicky Moore to perch on. To Moore's right stands Paul, while on the other side of the drums Goldsworthy and Colwell huddle together, as if in a different room to Paul.

Despite a couple of wobbly moments, forgiveable on the first night of a tour, Pete Jupp's drumming is just breathtaking. He has also taken to using one or two Simmons electronic drums, something of a pioneering move, I'd say, for such a hard-rocking band. I thoroughly enjoyed them, and the ghost of the Marquee performance was finally laid to rest. I can't wait to see them headlining on a big stage, which is what they'll be doing back in Britain in April.

GETTING UP the next day and enjoying a leisurely breakfast before catching the plane to London, I remembered that the band had left hours before to drive themselves a gruelling 400 miles to that night's gig in Frankfurt; still not moaning, just getting even.

JOE PERRY & JAKE E. LEE

'ULLO JOE, got a new jacket then? When Ozzy Osbourne recently played at the Boston Gardens, guitarist Jake E. Lee (on the right) took time out to meet up with Joe Perry – a man whose fretboard athleticism he has long admired.

However, aside from exchanging information on tremelo intricacies and machine-head academia, the Wild West Hero (see our last issue for explanation) was anxious to learn exactly where powerman Perry had bought his nifty jacket. Unfortunately, Joe was less than forthcoming. Ah well, musos might be prepared to share most things, but sartorial secrets are still very much on the 'restricted' list!

Mind you, so too is info on Perry's future plans. Following our recent revelation (Rock USA, issue 64) that Perry was hooking up with Alice Cooper, it now seems that he might well be re-joining Aerosmith. Discussions are apparently underway, and if this re-union (which is also said to include the band's other famed but long-gone axeman Brad Whitford) does take place, then any resulting album might feature a version of 'Let The Music Do The Talking', recorded originally as the title track for the debut LP by . . . the Joe Perry Project!

MALCOLM DOME (Pic ROSS HALFIN)

ROCK U.S.A.

LAURA CANYON REPORTS

★ THE AMERICAN religious authorities seem determined to become joke figures. Can you believe that someone recently tried to ban **Saga** on the grounds that the Canadian quintet are Satanists Against God's Alliance?! Yeah, it happened in California whilst the band were on tour with **Quiet Riot** and **Girlschool**. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your viewpoint), the minister in question was ignored. But what next, we wonder? Will the **Moody Blues** be declared true disciples of Lucifer??

★ **ERIC BLOOM** of **BÖC's** been taking a computer course, **Jeff Beck's** been playing with **Rod Stewart**, **Eddie Van Halen** and **Val** have been going to new wave gloop **Cyndi Lauper's** concerts, and **Yes** are a huge hit on American black R&B stations.

But all this and more seems to have escaped the attention of the people who organise the annual Grammy awards, which came and went with barely a nod, let alone a head-bang, to the massive resurgence of Metal (remember the Us Festival?!) in the States last year.

The nearest to a mention that anything heavier than a cotton-wool ball got were **ZZ Top**, nominated in the Best Group Performance category and beaten by the **Police**; **Bob Seger**, nominated in the Best Rock Vocal Male category and beaten by **Michael Jackson** (I know! But at least he did thank **Eddie Van Halen** for his contribution); and **Rainbow** and **Allan Holdsworth**, both nominated for Best Rock Instrumental but beaten once again by **Sting** and the boys.

Meanwhile, **Pat Benatar**, who's getting decreasingly heavy, won her usual Best Female Rock Vocal award. Still, at least they didn't give everything to **Toto** this time!

Toto, incidentally, were among the many hosts who gave out the awards – "It's more blessed to give than receive," they joshed backstage. Other presenters included **Bob Seger**, **Fee Waybill** of the **Tubes**, **Bob Dylan** and **Alice Cooper**. **Ozzy Osbourne** was meant to be hosting too, but cancelled after that accident with the mirror on the 'So Tired' video shoot in England.

Later, Toto revealed that they were working on a new LP called 'Isolation'. "We haven't relaxed; as soon as we completed the last album we started working on this one". Bob Seger said he was "just writing" and **Christine McVie** threatened a UK **Fleetwood Mac** tour this year.

★ SPOOF HM rockumentary 'Spinal Tap' (see *Kulture* last issue) opened in the US this week and it's a pretty hysterical take-off of a British dinosaur HM band on its final 'Tap Into America' tour of the States.

Some of the situations are so realistic it's hysterical – fawning record biz types in satin jackets backstage, record companies banning the release of their new LP 'Smell The Glove' until they change the sexist cover. (As the lead guitarist shrugs, "What could be sexist about a cover showing a naked girl on all fours with a dog collar around her neck, sniffing a glove?" You see that in **Don Costa's** living room every night of the week! Don, incidentally, is no longer with **M80**, more details soon.)

It's worth the price of admission just to catch the band's songs 'Big Bottom' (chorus: *'The bigger the cushion/the bigger the pushin'*) and 'Sex Farm' (use your imagination!)

More film stuff: **Rick Springfield's** made his movie debut in an upcoming opus titled 'Hard To Hold'. Tough acting job – he gets to play a rock star involved in a romantic triangle with **Keith Richards'** old lady **Patti Hansen** and some actress who plays a child psychologist.

Rick got **Graham Parker** and **Peter Gabriel** to help him out on the soundtrack; the latter's been much in demand lately, what with duetting on performance artist **Laurie Anderson's** LP.

★ ON THE LAHM front, **Bitch** are planning a European jaunt once their new album's out in the Spring. They're working on a deal for England with Roadrunner Records , who've already picked up labelmates **Slayer . . . Michael Wagener** of **Scorpions/Accept** fame has produced a fine demo for **Malice**, who are looking for a major deal. The band's still seething over their treatment at the hands of **Michael Schenker**, who, they say, changed the time they were meant to go on at the Country Club and screwed up their gig.

★ **THE FIRST Airborne Rock and Roll Division** – that temporary troupe made up of **Cheap Trick**, **Kansas**, **Pablo Cruise**, **Le Roux** and **Doobies** – are heading off for the Indian Ocean to play a bunch of gigs for the military on aircraft carriers; and **Heart** are staying put in Seattle to do a couple of shows to aid the families of the Marines killed in the Middle East fighting.

The band's donated royalties from the **Jonathan Cain**-written song 'Allies' to the fund set up to help the wives and children of the soldiers, because, according to **Ann Wilson**, "What the song is saying is that it doesn't matter which country you live in, there should be no political sides; we just have to get together, stop fighting, and admit that we need all the allies we can get".

★ IT SEEMS that **Gene Simmons** (with an 's', two in fact) was recently asked to produce the new **Liza** (with a 'z') **Minelli** album. He and the latter, says our closeted informant, are good friends who move in similar circles though, due to the bassist's all-conquering love for things loud and lethal and rock 'n' roll, he graciously declined the offer.

HEART'S NANCY and ANN WILSON: a couple of shows for charity in Seattle.

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Vivian Campbell

Pic Ross Halfin

DIO HEAD out on their second headlining British tour during September/October.

The 19-date schedule kicks off at Hanley Victoria Hall on September 7 and continues with: Leeds Queens Hall 8, Ipswich Gaumont 10, Portsmouth Guildhall 11, Cardiff St. Davids Hall 14, St. Austell Coliseum 15, Oxford Apollo 16, Birmingham Odeon 18, Nottingham Royal Court 20, Edinburgh Playhouse 22, Glasgow Apollo 23, Aberdeen Capitol 24, Newcastle City Hall 26, Liverpool Empire 28, Manchester Apollo 30, Leicester De Montfort Hall October 2, London Hammersmith Odeon 4/5.

Tickets are now on sale at the respective box offices. For the Leeds show they are also obtainable from: Manchester Piccadilly Records, Leeds & Sheffield Cavendish Travel, Leeds & Sheffield Virgin Records. They are also available for this gig *only* by post from: MCP Ltd, PO Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands. Applicants should enclose postal orders *only* for £5.50, inclusive of a 50p booking fee, and an SAE.

Ticket prices are £5/£4.50 for all dates, except Hanley/Portsmouth/Cardiff/St. Austell/Oxford (£5), Leicester/London (£5.50/£5).

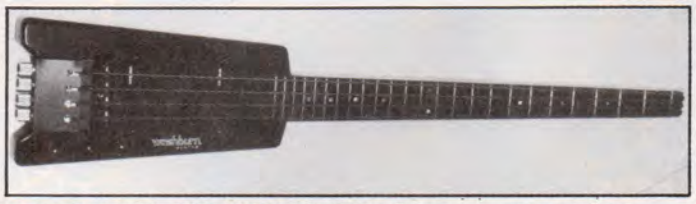
The band's new stage set is expected to feature medieval/dark ages imagery.

On the recording front, Dio have just begun work on their second album, tentatively titled 'Last In Line', at Caribou Ranch in Denver. Featuring Vivian Campbell (guitar), Jimmy Bain (bass) and Vinnie Appice (drums), it's being produced by Ronnie James Dio himself and is likely to be released on the Vertigo label.

MALCOLM DOME

KILLER RIFFS!

Instrument reviews by PAUL HENDERSON



WASHBURN 'BANTAM': high fashion . . . at a price

WASHBURN 'BANTAM' BASS RRP £549

LET'S BE honest about it – the main reason this bass is going to attract anyone's attention in the first place – myself included – is the shape.

Commonly referred to as 'Steinberger shaped', headless and almost body-less, it falls into the category of 'tasteful flash'. My own initial reaction was that it seemed a touch expensive for a copy. But let's have a closer look at what you get for the money.

At first sight the guitar looks as though it might be made of a high-tech space age material (ie plastic), but it is in fact constructed of wood, and then given a coating of a plastic-type substance. And very nice it looks, too.

The neck is by far the best feature of this bass. The 24 frets (giving each string two octaves) are beautifully finished. The action can be set low without any hint of fret buzz, and with the neck being fairly narrow and thin it's very easy to play and feels extremely smooth and comfortable.

The body – what little there is of it – houses twin pick-ups, and the controls for these are a separate volume for each and a single tone control; knurled plastic knobs, with no markings, and very smooth in operation. This arrangement works neatly and simply for selecting a sound, but if you want to increase the volume without altering the tone, then you have to increase both volume controls. A master volume would have been a better idea. Also, as you turn the volume controls, they seem to be a bit 'rock 'n' roll' – everything happening at the last minute.

The sound of the 'Bantam' is actually better than I expected. A powerful sound similar to that of a Musicman, but with a bit more 'wellie' at the bottom end and extra 'bite' at the top. You could say that the range of sounds is a bit limited by today's standards, but the controls *are* passive, and the sounds that you *can* get are very good. The sustain too is very impressive.

The 'Bantam' also features a version of Steinberger's 'in line' tuning system, with the strings anchored at the nut end of the neck and very accurate tuning knobs down at the bridge end. I did find these tuning knobs a bit on the stiff side, though. The 'in line' or 'straight pull' tuning system is a big plus on any bass, but the way that Washburn have gone about arranging the string anchorage at the end of the neck is a disappointment and a major criticism. Each string passes over the nut and through a hole, and all four are then clamped down with a metal bar secured by three large Allen screws.

It's secure alright; no chance of string slippage here. But if you break a string, replacing it means quite a lot of fiddling about, and I doubt that you'd be able to replace the string and get the guitar back in tune in much less than twenty minutes! And that's assuming that you've got the required Allen key close to hand. You see, when you unclamp the bar to fit a new string, you unclamp all four, so you need to fully slacken off all the strings. If you don't, then at best they'll go out of tune anyway, and at worst they'll jump clean out of the holes – *dangerous*. All I can think is that this system wasn't designed by a gigging musician.

The bridge assembly has individual string saddles mounted on a solid block, which can be tilted in two directions. Each saddle has a pair of Allen screws to make horizontal adjustment, but there's no facility to adjust individual string height – a feature I would have expected, considering the price of the instrument.

The chest plate, which enables you to strap the thing on, feels a bit weird at first, but even after half an hour I felt very comfortable with it. The plate attaches to the back of the body by a single screw and holds the bass in a perfectly balanced and easily manoeuvrable position. But don't try any fancy stage techniques like playing at aeroplane propellors – after about ten revolutions your 'Bantam' could fly off into the front tow and end up well and truly plucked!

If it's the sound you're going for, then I dare say you can get it on other basses for less money. If, on the other hand, you want the other aspects of this bass, notably the shape and the tuning system, then you just have to pay the price of high-fashion and hi-tech.

Available in black, red, metallic silver, metallic blue and 'Lake Placid' blue, the 'Bantam' comes with the necessary Allen keys and in a very nice soft case shaped like a rifle bag. Be prepared for some attention from the security men if you arrive at the airport with this number.

VOX 'VENUE' BASS COMBO RRP £189

WHEN IT comes to bass combos there's a lot of pretty naff gear about.

Pints that think they're quarts (remember that one?) but are more like halves.

Quite a few of them are little more than glorified practice amps made of 'heavy-duty' hardboard, which self-destruct when you hit a bottom 'E'.

So, on the rare occasion that a good one *does* come along, it's usually written off without being given a fair hearing.

Well, some good things *do* come in small packages, and Vox's 'Venue' combo is one of them. Giving you 100 watts of *quality* bass sound, this little bugger is LOUD!

I've been trying one out for a few days with different basses and I'm truly amazed at its capabilities. Whether you want a gut-thumping bass or a top end twang, the 'Venue' can dish it out through its single 15 inch speaker.

The tone controls – bass, middle and treble – operate extremely well. From a central '0' position they are marked up to plus and minus 6; boosting or cutting the signal very effectively and giving a marked change in the sound even with just a slight rotation. All four controls (including the volume) on the front panel are very boldly marked, so you can see what settings you're using even at quite a distance.

The front panel also houses 'hi' and 'lo' input sockets; effects 'send' and 'return' sockets; and an illuminated rocker 'on/off' switch – all nicely recessed so that you don't shear the knobs off when you're humping it around. Not that it takes much 'humping' though. At 56lbs (25Kg in Euro-speak) it's easily manageable with one hand and small enough (23" x 21" x 10") to ride up front in the passenger seat – clunk-click!

On the back panel there's the usual fuse holder, two speaker outputs, a D.I. output for hooking up to PA or studio desks, a slave output and a Euro-socket mains input, which means you don't have a permanently attached mains lead dangling down the back. And there's also a headphone socket which, when in use, cuts out the speaker but leaves full use of all the controls and the effects loop. A useful extra for silent practice.

The 'Venue' is well designed and constructed, looking and feeling very sturdy and solid. It's finished in heavy-duty, grained black vinyl, together with strong plastic corner protectors.

I know bass combos don't cut much of a dash on stage, but you can always pile a few empty speaker cabinets on top of it, like a couple of guitarists I *could* mention but decline to do so due to the health risk invovled!

The least I can do is to strongly recommend that you try the 'Venue', and let your ears tell you where to put your money. Because at this price, as they say, "There shurely must be shome mishtake here!"

VOX 'VENUE' COMBO: a beefy little bargain

KOMMENT

The get-it-off-your-chest kolumn

"PREJUDICED and IGNORANT, two adjectives that might spring readily to many people's minds if asked to describe the average HM fan," was how Dave Dickson recently summed up a *Komment* column in *Kerrang!* (No. 61). Dickson's plea, with which I wholeheartedly agree, was for Metal devotees to open their eyes and ears to the wealth of good music that exists around the borders and outside the sphere of strictly heavy rock.

However, the blinkered vision of the HM fan is as nothing compared to the *prejudice* and *ignorance* displayed by the vast majority of 'hip' music pundits and the average (non-Metal) music fan when considering Heavy Metal.

"Loud", "boring", "violent", "sexist", *"clichéd"*, "reactionary", "overblown" and "meaningless" are just some of the more common criticisms, and when the non-Metal commentator isn't working himself or herself into a lather over some or all of these supposed shortcomings, chances are they'll be heaping ridicule on the sheer unfashionability of the genre. *"Snaps of long-haired chaps leaning over backwards in colour"*, was the Virgin Yearbook IV's vividly 'informed' description of *Guitar Heroes* (*Kerrang's* discontinued sister magazine).

There are bad sides to all divisions of music. There are wimpy pop songs, crushingly monotonous disco tracks, ganja-befuddled reggae bands, totally inept punk bands, unlistenable jazz-rockers and superficial weedy synth-bands; and, sure, I've heard a lot of thoroughly crass Heavy Metal music in my time. But for some reason, time and again, it is Heavy Metal above all the other categories that is the prime target for the 'hipper than thou' put-down.

I would argue that the heavy rock form deserves more serious consideration, and at the very least a great deal more respect from those not involved in it.

Heavy Metal's roots are placed firmly at the heart of the rock music tradition, extending back directly to the great guitar bands of the Sixties – Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience – and beyond to the blues, the foundation from which the whole sprawling edifice of modern music has been built. Heavy Metal is like a pillar around which all other contemporary music forms arrange themselves in ever more eccentric patterns.

ALEX of Rush: a much-abused 'master craftsman'

Whether its detractors like it or not, the present day stadium mega-rock bands, and the power, aggression, noise and spectacle of Heavy Metal, are a direct legacy of the great Sixties' music revolution.

Reading, Castle Donington and Knebworth are the descendants of landmark festivals such as Woodstock, Monterey and the Isle Of Wight, events which defined the very nature of rock music. Heavy Metal is not some poor relation of contemporary music, an idiot son to be dismissed with ridicule. It is a giant among men, next to which the so-called 'revolutionary' flavour-of-the-month bands, who garner such lavish critical praise, are like infants in a cradle.

In keeping with its long and honourable history, Heavy Metal is also one of the most technically advanced music forms. Jazz aside, it is probably the single most auspicious vehicle for technical musical accomplishment. Of course, all music forms have their great musicians, but it is only in HM that, with few exceptions, it is a prerequisite for the musicians involved to be players of a very high standard indeed.

Rush for instance, a favourite target of HM critics, are all master craftsmen, virtuoso players at a pinnacle of technical achievement. There are very few musicians in the world capable of playing a drum solo as technically accomplished as Neil Peart's. Whether one enjoys listening to it is a matter of taste. But a glib rejection of Rush as "Heavy Metal wallies – don't they have the guy with the squeaky voice?" is indefensible prejudice.

At the end of the day, too, Heavy Metal still retains the wonderment and innocence that characterises the best rock music. It is escapism, excitement and entertainment on a highly proficient and spectacular scale.

DAVID SINCLAIR

STRIKTLY FOR KONNOISSEURS

JIMI HENDRIX
'Isle Of Wight'
(Polydor 2302 016)

WHEN JIMI HENDRIX took the stage at the Isle of Wight Festival at approximately 8pm on Sunday, August 30, 1970, he had not slept for three days and two nights. Ragged from exhaustion and the cumulative effects of a nightmarish combination of stimulants, he made what was to be his last major appearance, playing to an estimated quarter of a million people. 18 days on Jimi Hendrix was dead.

A year later Hendrix's official label, the now-defunct Track Records, released an album, 'Isle Of Wight', comprising six tracks recorded live at the Festival. Hendrix, it was widely agreed, had been off form at the gig, the album was not especially well recorded, and as such received the critical thumbs down. It crept into the charts in November 1971 where it stayed for only two weeks, briefly reaching Number 17 before sinking without trace. I've never met or heard of anyone who doesn't regard it as an average-to-poor Hendrix album, hardly worthy of inclusion in the catalogue of such a great innovator.

Yet I believe 'Isle Of Wight' is a *bona fide* classic, an uncut diamond that conveys more to me about the crude emotion at the core of rock 'n' roll than any album before or since. Hendrix's music emerges through the adversities that he faced at this gig with a wild, aggressive beauty that no amount of sophisticated recording techniques, systematic rehearsals or 'polished' performing could hope to produce. He is stripped and exposed, and somewhere, captured in these grooves, is the very essence of this master of electric guitar music.

The album opens with the sound of a humming PA system and impatiently crackling amps, as the MC, tapping Hendrix's mike, says to one of the road crew: *"A bit more volume on this one Charlie – it's gonna need it."* Then, to the audience: *"Let's have a welcome for Billy Cox on bass* (clapping), *Mitch Mitchell on drums* (cheers), *and the man with the guitar – Jimi Hendrix"* (wild applause).

The trio begin with 'Midnight Lightning', a sluggish blues jam that fails to gel. The guitar's out of tune and the amps are somehow picking up messages from the security walkie-talkies. Next track is the perennial 'Foxy Lady', a favourite from the 'Are You Experienced' album, introduced by a haze of feedback effects. The band are beginning to hit their stride, and Hendrix whips out a burst of white noise solo before his amps are again invaded by radio interference. This time he just lets it ride its course, not even playing, and there is an extraordinary surreal section where Cox and Mitchell set up a romping cross-riff rhythm accompanied only by the buzzes, squawks and short-wave voices coming through the amps.

By now it's clear that Hendrix has got a problem on his hands. 'Lover Man', a breakneck rip-off of 'Rock Me Baby', closes Side One and the band are struggling. The audience are calling for old songs, but Hendrix wants to *"get into some new things"*.

Then Side Two opens with 'Freedom' and a veil is lifted. *"OK, we're gonna start all over again. Hello, how're you doing England? Glad to see you. We'll do a thing called 'Freedom' "*. Hendrix rips into this mother of a riff, the bass and drums come tumbling in, and the sheer force and imagination of the song eclipse the technical problems, preparing the ground for the album's *tour de force* – a truly heroic rendition of 'All Along The Watchtower'.

On this song Hendrix does it all. He plays rhythm, riff, lead and everything in between, singing the strange, mournful words in a cry straight from the heart. *"There must be some kind of way out of here,"* he calls, a lonely man standing on a stage facing the gathering darkness around him. The solo is indescribably moving. As he kicks on his wah-wah pedal, which is set way too high, the electrics shriek back at him. But somehow he harnesses the noise as the whole set-up – man, guitar and amplification – teeters on the brink of disaster. The ascending sequence of notes spirals into the night, a banshee wail of defiance, a word in the ear of the gods who Hendrix was soon to join.

Introduced by a brief, sporadically brilliant drum solo, the closing track, 'In From The Storm', is another catatonic affirmation of the splendour and violence of Hendrix's playing – great washes of sound guild a densely moody riff and chord sequence. As the number closes, feedback whistling round the stage, Hendrix's sad voice picks its way through the scene of aural devastation. *"Thank you for being so patient. Maybe one of these days . . ."*

'Isle Of Wight' removes all veneer from the performing and recording process to reveal a human desperation and an aching triumph. This album speaks to me.

DAVID SINCLAIR

FREE COMPETITION ● FREE COMPETITION

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CONTINUES OVER

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KOMMUNICATION

HELL: a devilishly good band?

Send your kaustic kritiques to* Kerrang!, *Kommunication, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

GO TO . . .
HOW ON earth could Geoff Barton be such a bastard? For the past couple of years I've regularly seen local band Hell playing onstage and I'm totally convinced they're the best live outfit currently around, with the exception of Rush.

Up until now, they've never been mentioned in *Kerrang!* – a crime in itself. However, they've just issued their first single, 'Save Us From Those Who Would Save Us' (on the Deadly Weapon label) and what happens? Barton tears it apart (issue 63). Now, I happen to think it's brilliant, though I respect Geoff's right to disagree. But why did he have to be so savage towards the band?

It might interest you to know that this single is not only the most requested song currently being played at Stripes HM Disco in Mansfield, but it has also shifted a lot of copies and the band's gigs always sell out! **Sharon Dilks, A Disgusted Hell Fan, Mansfield.**

WE WISH YOU WELL . . .
THE THREE of us recently travelled around Britain to see no less than 13 Whitesnake gigs. And at almost every venue we were fortunate enough to meet at least one member of the band. What delighted us most was the warmth and courtesy with which we were treated.

So, we just wanna say a special 'thanks' to the band for their friendliness. And here's hoping they'll soon be back playing more UK dates! **The Terrible Trio, Sutton Coldfield, W. Midlands.**

MANODISCO
WHO WERE those so-called 'Defenders Of True Metal' recently seen touring Britain in an attempt to pickle our brains with their supposedly ultra-heavy music?! Manowar? Nah, make that Manodisco!

I've never heard so much rubbish in my whole life as I was forced to endure at their Hammersmith Odeon show. Joey DeMaio messed up his bass solo completely, Ross The Boss's guitar playing was appalling throughout, whilst both the singing and drumming were equally inept.

I reckon even my grandmother could play better than these tossers . . . and she's been dead for eight years!

Manowar are *real* purveyors of 'False Metal' and simply aren't in the same league as Metallica, who are the best heavy band to emerge in the past couple of years.

Death to 'False Metal' and Manowar. **Pig, Brighton.**

MANOWOOARGH!
WHEN JOEY DeMAIO proclaimed recently (issue 61): "Buy a ticket and check us out – if we fail to match your expectations then you've every right to tell us to get out of the country and never come back", it was a challenge I readily accepted.

So, I bought a ticket for the Hammersmith Odeon show, checked the band out and . . . was totally won over! In fact, their performance ranks as one of the best I've ever seen.

Before this date, I'd only ever heard a few cuts from 'Hail To England'. However, the material from both 'Battle Hymns' and 'Into Glory Ride' sounded so powerful live that the next day I bought both albums.

Eric Adams is in the same class as Ronnie Dio and Ian Gillan, whilst Joey DeMaio and Scott Columbus have gotta be the finest rhythm section in rock. Ross The Boss, meanwhile, not only looks like Angus Young, but plays just as furiously.

So, hail to the new masters of megawatt mayhem! **Deepak Vohra, Mill Hill, London.**

LACK OF FATE
I TRAVELLED 30 miles and spent £18 in fares in order to get to the Newcastle Mayfair recently. The reason? I was looking forward to seeing Mercyful Fate playing live for the first time.

But when I got there I found the band had failed to turn up (see *Mayhem* issue 64 for the full story). So I had to endure a thoroughly disappointing night listening to the truly awful Manowar (what a joke they proved to be). In fact, just about the only saving grace on this most terrible of nights was seeing Cronos, Mantas and Abaddon of Venom at the gig. They turned out to be a great bunch of guys, posing for photographs and chatting away about Heavy Metal.

Well, all I can say in conclusion is that meeting the Venom guys was a real pleasure and Manowar were very fortunate that Mercyful Fate didn't appear with them in Newcastle – King Diamond & Co would have blown them right off stage! **The Vice President Of The Amble Black Power Metal Veterans' Society.**

BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG
GENERALLY SPEAKING, I think *Kerrang!* is a pretty good magazine. However, you've managed so far to totally exclude one of the UK's finest young bands, Chateaux.

I recently bought a copy of their debut album 'Chained & Innocent' (on the Ebony label) and was thoroughly won over by its sheer brilliance. So, come on, let's see something on this fine band in a future issue. **Mike Phillpotts, Bristol.**

PAT ON THE BACK
CONGRATULATIONS, *KERRANG!* You normally manage to maintain a fairly high standard with each succeeding issue that hits the streets. However, you've certainly excelled yourselves in recent times.

Firstly, we had a very well written Genesis interview (issue 62) from Chris Welch, followed up (in issue 63) by a quite superb piece on Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits by Dave Dickson.

All we need now is another feature on Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull. Keep up the good work. **A Hoping Jethro Tull Fan, Huddersfield.**
See Mayhem *in this very issue for the latest news on the Jethro Tull front* – ED.

SKYNYRD ALIVE
LYNYRD SKYNYRD were among the best rock bands ever to come out of America. Even now, several years after their untimely end, the band remain hugely popular, hence the regular re-release and charting of 'Freebird' in its single format.

Yet Skynryd have had very little coverage in the pages of *Kerrang!*, despite the fact that you do cover the Southern Boogie scene quite consistently. So please correct this error as soon as possible. Why not print a history of this great band, complete with some colour photos? **Kevin, A Skynyrd Freak, Woking.**

UNDER THE BLADE
MAYBE I'M totally wrong, but I'd have thought any reviewer should get his facts right before committing his thoughts to paper.

In his review of Tokyo Blade's four-track 12" EP (issue 63), Geoff Barton makes the point that this record seems to lack enthuiasm, confidence and genius. Yet, he fails to mention the fact this was the first time the band had ever recorded – and it was actually done well over a year ago!

Since these sessions, Tokyo Blade have gone through a number of changes, adding a second guitarist in John Wiggins and a new bassist in Andy Wrighton. Moreover, their new material is uniformly excellent.

Kerrang! in general and Barton in particular should realise that bands as good as Tokyo Blade won't be stopped because of one person's ill-informed opinion. This band are going to be huge, mark my words! **Alan, Witham, Essex.**
Surely, if any band puts out vinyl product, they must be judged solely by the contents on sale? After all, they're expecting people to fork out good money for it, aren't they? If this EP doesn't do justice to the band's current stature, then it shouldn't have been made commercially available, right? – ED.

KNOW YOUR 'SNAKES: Mel Galley (below left) and John Sykes

PERSONALITY CRISIS
OK, OK, so what's gone wrong with you lot? I'm referring to your last issue (No. 64) when you printed photos of Whitesnake's John Sykes and Mel Galley and captioned them the wrong way round. Or do you know something about them that the general public doesn't?!

Come on, I think you owe the *Kerrang!* public some sort of explanation, don't you? **Eric Blake, Basildon, Essex.**

Yeah, well it was a printer's error that unfortunately was spotted too late to be changed. But, just to prove we can tell the difference between Sykes and Galley, take a look at the photos printed above this letter! – ED.

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

WENDY, WE met at the Reading Festival on the Sunday. You were with your friends from Reading. All I know is you are from London and have a Yamaha 250cc motorbike. Please phone Mark, Portsmouth 388366.

MARK, 22, surrounded by reclusive friends, wants female 18+ for friendship, pubs, gigs, laughs, into HM/HR. High Wycombe area. Box No K288.

PASSIONATE MALE, 23, seeks randy female for lasting passionate relationship. Leeds/Yorkshire. Box No K289

MALE ROCKER, 19, SEEKS ATTRACTIVE FEMALE FOR GIGS, FUN, AND FRIENDSHIP. Birmingham area. Also any info welcome on when and where heavy rock discos in Brum are held. Box No K290.

GENUINE MALE, 25, living in Malden, Essex, likes most progressive rock, seeks companion for concerts. Box No K291.

MALE, FILTHY long haired biker, into British and chops, seeks similar for runs, pubs, concerts HR-HM, enjoying life etc. London/anywhere. Box No K280.

RECORDS FOR SALE

'SNAKE: 'TROUBLE' LP, orig. £15. 'Snakebite' Whitesnake EP £10. 'Northwinds' solo original. £10 Kiss 'Originals' – two £20. Quo 'Tired', Pye original £20. Masses more. SAE to Box No K283.

SAXON, GIRLSCHOOL rare singles, SAE Geoff, 59 Havering Gardens, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

RUBY TOPAZ: 'Why' b/w 'The Sack' reviewed in Issue No 62 – 'Amazing Guitar . . . lot of promise'. Availble by mail only. Send $3.00 to: J. Zisiades, 93 Stillwater Rd, Smithfield, Rhode Island, D2917 USA. Look for this unique trio in future *Kerrang!* issues.

US PROMO LPs. Alice Cooper: triple live US promo LP £90. Deep Purple: 'Retro Rock Live' £60. Sabbath: 'Retro Rock' live dbl (w/Ozzy) £80. Ozzy interview LP £35. Lance Beech, 22 Hanway St, London W1.

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FAN CLUBS

MARINO THE BAND info. 30 Princes Sq, London W2.

KIX INTERNATIONAL – fan club. Kix, on Atlantic Records, has information on the band plus merchandise, etc. Order Kix records from your stores: **'KIX'** (SD-19307) and **'COOL KIDS'** (80056-1). Send **SAE** to: Kix International, PO Box 1012, Federal Square Station, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, USA 17108. We're coming to England soon!

BERNIE TORME Fanclub. Write to 37 Meersbrook Rd, Sheffield, S89HU.

METALLICA METAL Militia, only official worldwide fan club fully endorsed by the band. For information on membership and official merchandise send SAE or International Reply Coupon to: 345 W. Riverside Dr, Roseburg, OR 97470, USA.

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KONCERTS

Pic Jola Kazik/Rock Index

SHE'S CHRIS BONACCI: 'added solidity and bite'.

SHE
Marquee, London

ALL-GIRL rock bands – do we need them? Personally, I say yes, and lots of them too, because until they're no longer a novelty there's always going to be an unreasonable amount of attention focused on them right from the start, something that denys them the opportunity to develop their art and win a following. The following queues up at the first gig instead, and so do the cynics.

She could well be a case in point, although having been put together by ex-Rock Goddess Tracey Lamb there's a certain validity to the prompt attention they've been given. Still, a longer period of gestation might have helped. At the *Greyhound* a month ago they were truly horrid; this time around their showcase of sorts was promising but surely a shade premature.

The band have strengths to be sure; vocalist Jackie Bodimead has a forceful rock voice that's not short on quality, and new guitarist Chris Bonacci has added solidity and bite to Kat Burbella's rather nervous playing, giving the latter the opportunity to develop both her confidence and delivery. Still the strongest impression was of the studiousness of the band's performance, with only the more experienced Tracey – and the totally self-confident Jackie, of course – seeming assured enough to be up there on stage without worrying about it.

As a result, the material still sounds rather shaky; there's a feeling that they're trying to be a shade too clever, when being loud, solid and unadventurous might be a more prudent starting point. In the punk era bands grew up on stage in the public gaze – maybe the punk ethos died because they all inadvertently learnt how to play – and all-girl bands face a similar problem with too many people anxious to see them before they're ready and the females themselves not prudent enough to keep them waiting.

But when all is said and done, She *will* be an impressive outfit if they are allowed to mature together. As yet, they're still inexperienced and unsure of themselves, and would do well to perfect their performance before they accept another booking. But, given a reasonable time lapse before that next show, I shall be along, confidently expecting another all-girl band to surpass the novelty stage as Girlschool and Rock Goddess have already successfully done. PAUL SUTER

SHY
Odeon, Birmingham

THEY MAY have been opening for Magnum in their home-town, but to Shy this was rock 'n' roll nirvana. When the troupe manned battle stations there was a sharp dig in me rib-cage and some oaf bellowed down me lugoles: "I know that guitarist there!" He meant the guy with the dyed blond barnet gurneying for all he was worth. "Good for you," I mouthed as melody-saturated Metal swathed the hall, and thought to myself 'Schmuck!'

'Schmuck', thought I, when drummer/poseur Alan Kelly resplendent in electric blue locks, came out waving his mitts like Ali after annihilating Frazier, before sitting behind his kit. 'Schmuck', thought I, when vocalist Tony Mills took a sly vocal swipe at opening act Steel (they were disastrous but that's not the point!), it becoming clear that certain quarters within Shy are getting just a wee bit arrogant. There's more that I shan't go into, but for their sake they'd better leave it out or face some decidedly sticky consequences from bands and press alike. Ah, but I'm kind-hearted and, to be perfectly honest, it is with good cause.

Someone's sinking spondeolees into Shy and, while I don't know who it is, the band now cuts a better image by far than the ragged looking crew who drank my beer a coupla months back. Sharp dressed to a man and coiffeured to a pleasing effect, Shy now look like real contenders for the rock 'n' pop upper echelons, with a preen 'n' pout image to suit their spanking hot Metal.

Metal it is 'n' all, Steve Harris producing some powder-keg pop/rock riffs and whipping off solos torn page by page from the Neal Schon book of fluent axe forays. With a vocalist as competent as the ever-improving Mills, whose voice simply flew out across the Odeon, the polish of classics such as 'Deep Water', 'Give Me A Chance' and 'Take It All Away' is even more impressive live, overcoming a tiresomely obvious bottom end at this show.

New songs, whose titles I couldn't catch, also showed their writing to be improving, though their one-dimensional approach is still in evidence. Shy are young and have vast potential as this gig proved, but I sincerely hope they aren't building a pedestal for themselves too soon!!

HOWARD JOHNSON

ALIEN, BLIND FURY, LYADRIVE, TILT, SATAN'S DAUGHTER
Dingwalls, London

A FRIGHTENING prospect to be sure – five unsigned, allegedly HM, outfits playing one after another on a Sunday night on Dingwalls' tiny stage, using not only the house PA and monitors (such as they are), but also sharing use of one backline and one drumkit. To be frank, if I hadn't enjoyed previous exposure to Alien I would probably have stayed at home in favour of something like ironing shirts or watching the wallpaper, but knowing that they're hardly HM and also very good I was persuaded to make the sacrifice; what's more, I even did the decent thing and turned up in time to check out everyone else on the bill. Was it to be The Bad News Tour in full, garish life? Please, God no. . .

And surprise, surprise the first band on turned out to be immeasurably better than expected. Satan's Daughter they were called, hailing – like Alien, as it happens – from Leicester. I'm tempted to ponder just how satanic their vocalist thought she looked in skin-tight red spandex, but to be fair the name is a little misleading. A shade like Bitch trying to be Hellion, they're HM okay but hardly dark and demonic for the most part; still, they tore successfully through some fiery, but clean-edged, Metal with their excellent lead guitarist turning in an introspective, yet impressive, performance.

Next up were Tilt, who made the questionable move of saving their worst number for first and never recovering, their dreary performance squashing the optimism that their predecessors on stage had inspired for the standards of the night.

Lyadrive were certainly an improvement, but suffered from a very dated approach which invested them with a painful lethargy that the fire and drive of the lead guitarist never shook off. Their impressively tall vocalist has the potential to be a commanding performer but, as with all the other bands, he was severely hampered by the lack of stage room and failed to make an impression.

Following on, Blind Fury proved to be both saints and sinners. Their vocalist's onstage praise of Alien was a remarkably unselfish move, but the band then proceeded to over-run by ten minutes thereby cutting short Alien's chance to shine as the evening's close drew near. The vocalist, however, emerged as the best singer of the night with a rich, Coverdale-like timbre, and proved a lively performer too. His more exacting performance made it evident that the onstage sound was poor and unhelpful, but ultimately the band seemed to lack material of the class needed to make their singer really shine.

Frankly, Alien were in a different league from the rest, tight and professional and determined to put on a show. Bouncing, energetic, hook-laden hard rock is their *forté*, but the same sound problems that hampered the preceding bands preventing them from reaching the peaks they are clearly capable of. Nevertheless, they captured the audience's attention – okay, a bus load had come from Leicester just to see them, anyway – and were the only band to show any true understanding of the need to *perform* despite the pathetically limited stage room available.

It's absurd really that in 1984

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

hopeful young bands can still look like extras from The Bad News Tour, and there was a dated feel to far too much of what transpired. However, looking on the bright side, that wasn't true of the two Leicester bands who opened and closed the show, and they were the ones who stood out; Satan's Daughter were very promising but lacking the killer touch that more experience should give them, and Alien were very, very good.

With challengers Presence currently sidelined without a vocalist, they are surely the only *totally* unsigned rock band in contention for the Big Time. They proved their point and I wish them well.

PAUL SUTER

SPIDER/BERNIE MARSDEN'S ALASKA
University, Leicester

PLAYING TO a crowd of non-caring students on the first 'warm up' night of a tour as a support act cannot be the most appealing of situations – but Alaska overcame these problems with ease, delivering a tight, well-performed set with total conviction and professionalism.

Bernie boy's new unit deal in a subtle, sometimes commerical, always melodic form of bluesy rock which you can't help but enjoy when it's played as well as it was tonight. Of course, there were problems – lack of space onstage and a very tinny guitar sound at times – but considering the circumstances the band made a full-blooded effort and most of the material from their 'Heart Of The Storm' album (released May 11) sounded very promising in this live situation.

Spider's arrival onstage was greeted with a touch more enthusiasm as an intro tape (from the new 'Rough Justice' LP) pronounced sentence on the band: *'. . . You have been found guilty of a most evil crime – playing Heavy Metal rock 'n' roll with malice aforethought!'* With a loud bang the band launched straight into the first number, only Col Harkness' vocals were so far down in the mix you couldn't bloody hear him – a fault not rectified as quickly as it should have been.

Hopefully, this kind of problem will be well ironed out by the time you manage to catch the band, and if you don't then you're definitely gonna be the loser cos tonight was the night that this chap (me) discovered what a wally he'd been in dismissing Spider as a cheap Quo. They may be limited musically and they DO play a lot of twelve-bar boogie, but that is where the similarity ends. In a live setting this band are one of the best – if you don't hold on to your vitals there's a good chance they'll rock 'em off!

From the second song on, Col, Sniffa and Brian and Rob E. Burrows could do no wrong, their simple compositions thumping and surging along at an irresistible foot-tapping pace. Spider's music may be one of the most basic types in rock, but it works so well live that they just have to be seen – and don't forget this was just a warm up gig!

Okay, ranting aside for a moment, the Merseyside four have been around since 1977 and have achieved moderate success both in the UK and Europe. But should the new album and the other dates of the tour fare well, then I feel this band have the ability to become a major attraction – I'm rooting for them anyway!

The stage set was something new for Spider – a backdrop featuring a judge with luminous eyes above a prison set complete with two security towers and working searchlights. And the band are now using a fair amount of pyro, including an amazing effect which shoots sparks 20 feet into the air.

However, there was a dodgy part of the show, namely the 'Amazing Grace' encore which gave way to a medley of klassics ('Paranoid', 'Freebird', 'Smoke On The Water' and many more). I'm still not sure why they were included – perhaps the band felt they needed to show they *can* play their instruments – but what I do know is that Spider are all about having a good time. Check them out, they're not to be missed.

DARREN CROOK

HEAVY PETTIN
The Ace, Brixton

IMAGINE MICHAEL Jackson recording his next album in the bog and releasing it on some grotty indie label and you'll have a fair idea of the preposterousness of Heavy Pettin undercutting themselves by playing gigs like this.

Och, this lot have the talent to fill Wembley twice over and I'm sure the non-ligging contingent of the crowd who bubbled and frothed over the foot of the stage, punching the air and writhing excitedly, must have been as puzzled as I was.

Class leaks from Pettin like water from a colander, and even a poor, at times overbearing, sound couldn't detract too much from their furnace-hot show.

From 'Victims Of The Night', 'Love Times Love' and 'Love On The Run', through 'Rock Me' to 'Shout It Out', the Over-Amorous Ones swamped the joint with their power and enthusiasm, matching the revolving rainbow of light with their spectrum of melody and might.

Two newer songs flanked 'Devil In Her Eyes', namely 'Rock Ain't Dead' and a gem called 'Crazy', illustrating the wealth of goodies Hamie's Haggis Squad have in store for us, before 'Roll The Dice' thundered their less glamorous past up to date.

'Ain't Got No Money', the Charlton Athletic anthem, led us into a quick breather which ended in a scurrying 'In And Out Of Love', with punchy Punky Mendoza darting and grinning like a young Paul Stanley, Hamie demanding replies from the crowd at every opportunity and big Gary Moat using every ounce of his (considerable!) weight to punish his skins like an embarrased Margaret Thatcher tanning meddlesome Mark's hide.

'Hell Is Beautiful' gave the rafters a final shake amidst the soaring sour J, and the boisterous Pettin bowed out in a wave of flashbombs. I went home toasting their prowess – and the fact that my car had stood for an incredible three hours in Brixton without being broken into or nicked.

MARK PUTTERFORD

EXCITER
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

I'VE SEEN some duff gigs in my time, but this one took the biscuit. Not even a large Jack Daniels could liven up the evening.

To be succinct, Exciter just couldn't deliver the goods onstage. There was distinct lack of both energy and bite about their performance; the combination of an appalling sound and first-night nerves (this was the trio's UK stage debut) obviously proved too much for the lads to handle.

Ultimately, I think Malcolm 'Dr Doom' Dome was right about this band – they are *not* a thrash-Metal outfit, yet for some reason they are being forced in that direction. On what I saw and heard at the packed Royal Standard, it's time they seriously thought about leaving this form of rock to the likes of Venom, Metallica and Anthrax and moved on to something different.

Live, all of Exciter's numbers disappeared into a blur, with the likes of 'Heavy Metal Maniac' and 'Scream In The Night' coming across as both lifeless and half-baked. And why oh why did the band leave out their strongest number, *viz* 'World War Three'?!

Metallica recently coined the phrase 'bang that head that does not bang'. After this fiasco, I'm tempted to point out that in Exciter's case a more appropriate suggestion would be 'end that song that does not end'! On this showing, it looks as if female-fronted, firm 'n' medium Suterian rock still reigns supreme in Canada. Death to false Metal!

XAVIER RUSSELL

EXCITER: rubbish

Pic Robert Ellis

MARILLION
Apollo Theatre, Oxford

WHEN YOU'VE been given directions like "You can't miss it!" by an EMI executive, you know damn well that's *precisely* what will happen. Miss the Apollo I did, *and* the first half-hour of Marillion's set along with it. . .

I wandered in to be greeted by an unfamiliar song and the sight of Fish returning from the wings holding aloft a slab of jigsaw-puzzle (the song, it transpired, was called 'Jigsaw') about two-feet square and coated in silver. I thought: 'How ridiculous this all looks'.

This observation helps to explain why the trendy press love to needle Marillion and why that smug bastard on the *Whistle Test*, David Hepworth, could get away with insulting them so disparagingly a while back. Take Marillion out of context and they are rather ridiculous; their songs can appear over-long, over-indulgent and over-dramatised. This had never occurred to me before because they'd never caught me unawares before.

To paraphrase Dave Brock: you've gotta get into it if you wanna get out of it. Apply that to the Marillion situation and it becomes clear that, unless you're going to involve yourself with them, you could easily come away with the impression that here was an egocentric bunch of pricks caught up in their own peculiar sub-Gabriel/Genesis time-warp trip.

What saves them from this indignity is *1)* they do what they do very well; and *2)* the new material pisses all over the old stuff for three very simple reasons – it's *shorter, snappier* and *heavier*. Marillion are beginning to master the art of story-telling within a manageable format without labouring the point.

Following 'Jigsaw' came 'Emerald Lies', one of the heaviest numbers the band has yet penned, which in turn gave way to 'Chelsea Monday'.

Then they delivered another newie, 'Incubus', and the point began to get hammered home; the song was more immediate, more demanding. The new numbers seem better arranged by far and, while tangents are still explored through the occasional tempo change, they are not dwelled upon, the attention is soon wrested back on to the song's central theme, here the oppressive nightmare.

'Fugazi', too, demonstrates a sophistication that has somehow been acquired *en route* from first album to second. Here is an angry, embittered song juxtaposed with a lilting piano part. I recall expressing a cautionary note on reviewing 'Script. . . ' to the effect that we shouldn't get carried away before seeing if Marillion will develop as songwriters. Well, they have. And so long as you're prepared to be taken under their expanding wing, they reward amply by the refreshing attitude of simply assuming that their audience is intelligent and receptive.

The sound was great, until Fish's mike gave out (use Duracells next time, boys) during the second encore, 'Garden Party', and wasn't restored until midway through 'Market Square Heroes' – a song with a sense of irony that becomes increasingly wry and amusing the more I hear it. And even 'Forgotten Sons' seemed to have been given an extra boost with the bass sound sending great rumblings through the floor.

Conclusion? I think Marillion have sailed majestically over yet another stumbling block and there'll be nothing stopping them this year. Till 1985, then. . .

DAVE DICKSON

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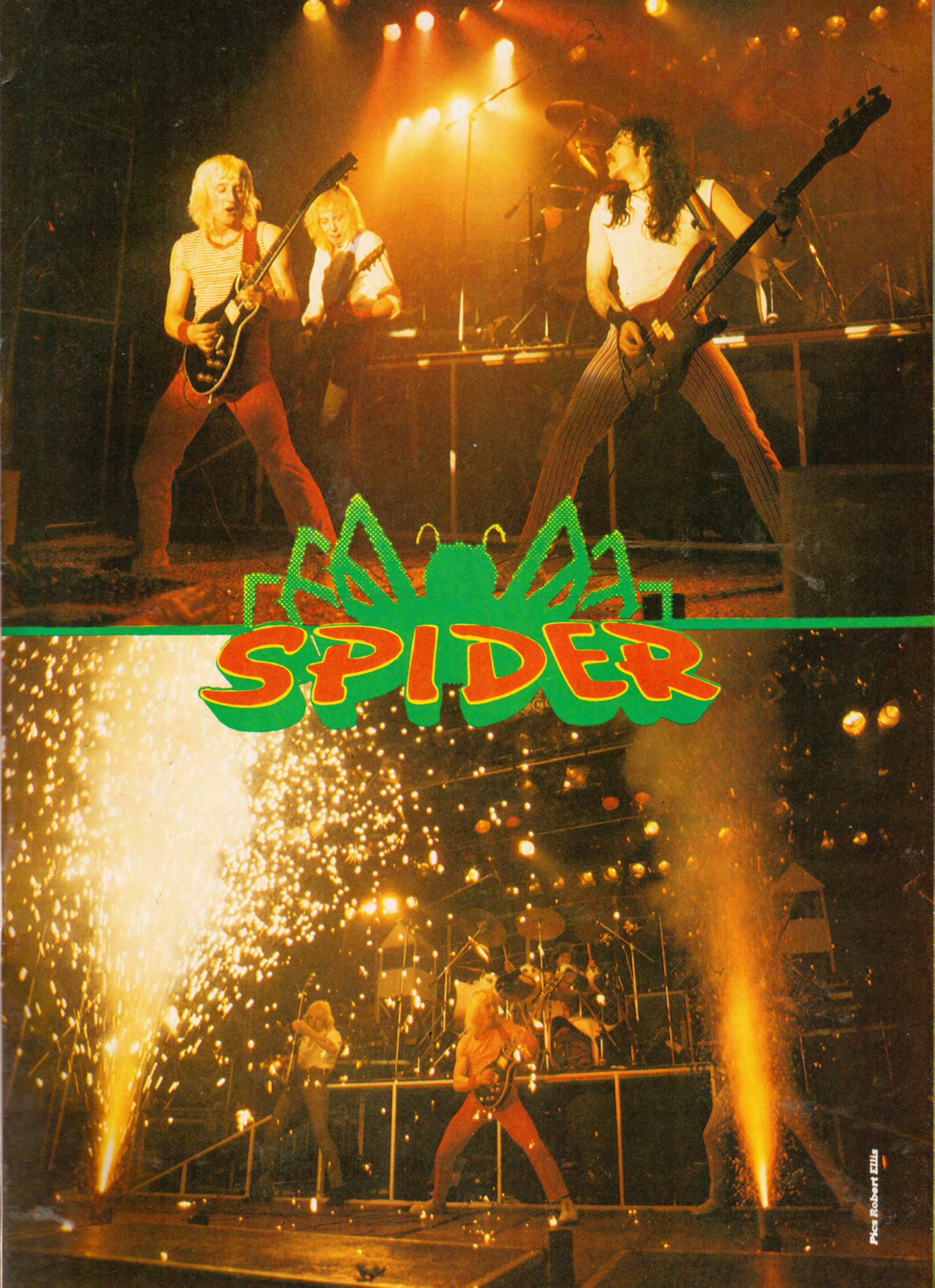
SPIDER
Pics Robert Ellis

Pic Erica Echenberg

A BIGGER SPLASH

DAVID GILMOUR (left) lurches out of the secretive shadows of Pink Floyd and into the harsh glare of the media spotlight. DAVID SINCLAIR records the occasion . . .

IN 1981, biographer Miles described Pink Floyd as *"the most commercially successful group on the planet"*, but despite this accolade, Pink Floyd as individuals have long retained an air of quiet anonymity, shadowy figures moodily evading the gaudy fanfare surrounding their peers in the rock aristocracy. Perhaps the only bracket David Gilmour shares with comparably successful musicians – Sting, Jagger, Townshend – is his income bracket.

Yet, echoing a comment of Jagger's in 1980 (when questioned as to his motivations for continuing to tour, Jagger said: "Well, we all need to make a few bob, you know"), David Gilmour is now embarking on a solo career that he regards as a very serious business enterprise. The March release of a solo album, 'About Face' (reviewed issue 63), and a single, 'Blue Light', prefaced the start of a lengthy European tour this month, to be followed by a visit to the States in May.

In order to build a successful career, one has to, in Gilmour's own words: "Make a big splash at the beginning". To make that splash, he has had to step out of the shadows and, while not moving into the full beam of the spotlight, he has at least walked out into the comparative glare of the daylight. Aside from rehearsing his group, and making two videos in two weeks, he is being introduced to the joys of meeting the press. A chaotic schedule of personal and telephone interviews by reporters from a variety of European papers and radio stations is being undertaken in a salubrious hotel in Reading, and Gilmour looks wretched.

The unshaven look, as on the album cover, is matched by tired eyes, and a yawn never far from the surface, while his stocky frame clothed in neutral-coloured shirt and blue jeans, completes the picture of a weary brickie contemplating the hours till it's time to knock off for lunch. The image is belied by the cultured intonation of his voice, as he explains the current Pink Floyd situation and his feelings about his solo career, while declining an invitation from our photographer, the comely Erica, to go down to the swimming pool for some 'snaps' (he agreed in the end).

WAS 'The Final Cut', in fact, a requiem for Pink Floyd?

"Not that I'm aware of – that's not the way I saw it. The 'final cut' in film terminology is the phrase used for the finished article. When you stick all the rushes together basically in the right order – all the right shots and all the right takes in more or less the right order – you call it the 'rough cut'. And when you've cleaned it up and got it perfect, you call it the 'final cut'. It's also an expression for a stab in the back, which I think is rather the way Roger sees the film industry."

So what exactly is the situation with Pink Floyd?

"Ah (mock surprise) – *that's* what you were getting at. Well, no-one has said they're leaving Pink Floyd, no-one has said the group has packed up. But we don't have any plans to do anything. Although I've read on a number of occasions certain 'exclusive' reports that we *have* packed up, those reports have been made up."

How close are you and Roger Waters these days?

"About as close as we've ever been, which is not terribly close. We're not close personal friends, we never have been. We get on alright, really; we have our ups and downs; we fight, but we've always fought."

How much has what remains of Pink Floyd become a vehicle for Roger's vision?

"Largely. It's always been a vehicle for Roger's vision more than anyone else's. Lyrically, it's been his vision completely for the last few years, but the musical contributions have been more shared. Not so much on 'The Final Cut', though. 'The Final Cut' is completely Roger's thing really."

How is Roger's solo album ('The Pros And Cons Of Hitchhiking') *coming along?*

"He's finished it. He finished it before I finished mine. I haven't heard it yet, but it's due out in May I think."

Is there any point continuing with Pink Floyd?

"I don't know. There may or may not be a point in it. What can be achieved when Roger and I work together and put our minds to it and *want* to work together, could still be good. There are still things which could be done which would be great. So from that point of view it is possible that one might want to do something again; and if we did we could do something great. I'm certain of it."

Would that include Nick Mason?

"Yup, I should think so. Who knows?"

Your solo album seems more concerned with songs and certain musical variations that would be unlikely to appear on a Floyd LP. How important has it been for you to find an outlet for your own ideas?

"It's not really so much finding an outlet for my own ideas as finding an outlet for me to be able to work. Pink Floyd don't always work when I want to. It's hard to get everyone organised and agreeing to do something at the same time.

"So it's very nice to have a career where I can make the decisions about what I want to do and when I want to do it. I've always got tunes around that I can start working on when I've got the time. I've been wanting to make a solo album since I did the last one ('David Gilmour' 1978)."

BE THAT as it may, for David Gilmour it is still a big step to go from making a solo album during an *interregnum* in Floyd activities to the current operation which involves getting his own band together and mounting a full scale tour in the light of the possible demise of Pink Floyd. How does he view the prospect?

"Well, it's quite nerve-racking, quite frightening, but we'll go ahead and do it and see what it's like. I don't know what it's going to be like. I haven't done that sort of thing for so long, or on this sort of a scale, but I'm sure I'll bluff if out."

In assembling his musicians Gilmour has been helped by another member of the Thames Valley rock aristocracy, Mick Ralphs, formerly with Bad Company (another band that died because nobody could be bothered to pick up a phone). About a year ago Ralphs set about forming his own solo group and after protracted research and auditions, recruited among others bassist Mickey Feat (ex-Van Morrison, Alvin Lee) and drummer Chris Slade (ex-Manfred Mann, Frankie Miller). Gilmour has taken the nucleus of Ralphs, Feat and Slade, and added Gregg Dechart on keyboards, percussionist Jodi Linscott and celebrated session sax player Raff ('Baker Street') Ravenscroft to complete the band.

Gilmour: "In choosing musicians you pick up the best of what you can find. There are a lot of reasons for picking the people you do. Their availability is one that's very relevant when it comes to touring. And their price is also very relevant."

Even to you?

"Yes."

You haven't got unlimited funds then?

"Absolutely not. Making an album and doing a tour . . . there's no point in doing them if you can't make a profit out of it."

What are the terms of your contract with EMI?

"We all have solo career clauses built into our contracts, so we can put out solo records. There are obviously tons of provisos and things written in. We can't just keep whacking hundreds of them out and not sell any. We won't keep getting advances if we make bad records that don't sell. It's like any other normal business situation. Albums come out, and if they do well it's quite alright to go on doing more."

There's a wide variety of styles on 'About Face'. What are your sources of inspiration? What do you listen to?

"I don't know. I just make up tunes and they come out, and that's what I carry on with. I never worry about whether there's going to be a consistency of style. In fact, a lot of albums bug me because they're the same all the way through. People used to vary things like mad, but now they're all too consistent. People think there's a formula which they ought to stick to and I don't like doing that."

Do you feel that, given the dubious position of Pink Floyd, 'About Face' is a more ambitious project than your previous solo album?

"Yes, definitely. I do intend with this project to make some sort of career that I can follow. You have to go for broke on these things, particularly at the beginning. You have to put everything into trying to get the original splash noticed so you can carry on doing something."

SOME OF your lyrics seem a bit cynical. Are you a cynical person?

"I suppose I must be if the lyrics seem cynical. Or perhaps it's just the way I write lyrics."

Do you worry about the way the world's going?

"Yes, don't you? I'm not very experienced at writing lyrics. I think I have reasonably high standards, but it's very difficult to try and write *good* lyrics. They've got to do something. There's no point in having them unless they do something."

Pic Ray Palmer

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

"If you take us, Pallas and Marillion as part of a New Wave of Progressive Rock, TWELFTH NIGHT is the one band that looks as if it belongs in 1984." CHRIS WELCH listens and learns.

'WELCOME TO NUKESHIRE.' The message, daubed on a road sign on the M4, pointed the way to Reading, epicentre of the nuclear destruction industry and home of Twelfth Night, a band of the Eighties who reflect the decade's mixture of paranoia and business-like urgency. Stuck in the Berkshire nuclear triangle, they are concerned about the Bomb, as their lyrics show. But they also burn up with energy and optimism.

Shrewd, keenly intelligent, Twelfth Night are pioneering their own kind of music and creating a DIY rock industry in the process. Good-looking drummer and spokesperson Brian Devoil runs their affairs from a tiny bedroom in his Reading maisonette. Here the telephone rings constantly while Brian and his wife set up dates, produce brochures and newsletters and cope with the affairs of a band who think 1984 won't be the year of doom but the year of a major musical breakthrough.

Twelfth Night have been called many things. They don't mind the 'progressive rock' tag, and freely admit admiration for the advanced music of the Seventies. It's what they grew up on as kids and what they put into practice as students. They studied everything from chemistry to philosophy.

Hungry for information, they were in no mood to tolerate the three-minute orgasm of punk rock which seemed to destroy the music they loved. There had to be more and they wanted to play more. Armed with musical roots in Genesis and sharpened by the embattled climate of the post-punk era, Twelfth Night set about their campaign.,

They achieved instant success with early gigs at Reading University, and when they ventured further afield were amazed and delighted to find there was still an audience for in-depth music. But how can they be 'progressive' if they are reviving past ideas? Are Twelfth Night going backwards or forwards?

TO SEEK enlightenment, I drove down the motorway to Reading, which seemed an unpromising place for any kind of cultural activity. A sprawling suburb in search of a town, it seemed to dull the spirits of men and render them drab and drear.

It was with some foreboding therefore that I knocked at the ordinary looking house in the back end of the town, though inside I was to discover activity, ideas, wit and humour. Brian was joined by Twelfth Night's bass player, Clive Mitten, who gazed disconcertingly at me from the settee through the blackened rings of made-up eyes and a fringe of hair adorned with Nick Beggs style heads.

Brian, more soberly clad in jeans, was alert, engaging and eager to talk. He's the sort of person you instantly feel you've known for about seven years. Listening to Clive and Brian, I became convinced that only armed intervention by Warsaw Pact countries will prevent then achieving their goals.

The line-up of the band includes Rick Battersby on keyboards, new singer Andy Sears, and founder member guitarist Andy Revell. Andy Sears replaced Geoff Mann, their much-loved frontman. Although no great vocal technician, Geoff brought artistic integrity to their music. He wrote the lyrics to such items as 'The End Of The Endless Majority', 'We Are Sane', with its cod party political broadcasts, and 'Fact And Fiction', which contrasts Russian and Western propaganda. Geoff left the band last October for artistic reasons. As a committed Christian, he was unhappy with the values of impending pop stardom. Brian explained it all much better than I.

When I arrived Clive and Brian were mulling over some bootleg tapes of the band they had uncovered. They were flattered by the fanatical interest of those who traded in them, but were worried about the effect on their income.

"The sad thing is people buy them in good faith and the quality is diabolical," said Clive. The band don't mind private tapes but want to stamp out the organised traders. "Somebody is making some money out of it, and that's wrong. If anybody should be making money it's us, because we need it. The thing is, the people who like us do so in a big way and want to pick up everything we've done. We've done six albums of our own on tape or vinyl."

AS SOON as Twelfth Night appeared fans started clamouring for records. The problem was, no record company would touch them . . .

"So we thought, why not record a couple of shows 'live', run off some copies and sell them," said Brian. "They sold like hot cakes, and the door takings paid for the cost of production! Now it sounds pretty dated and dubious, but at least it got our stuff out. When punk came in it blew apart everybody's pre-conceptions that only bands with major labels could make records. We were one of the few groups to make an album totally independently. We did all the artwork and packaging ourselves and did all the artwork on our most recent album, 'Live And Let Live'."

Twelfth Night say they were very close to a deal with a major label last Summer and hoped to sign after the Reading Festival.

"The company pulled out, though, because Marillion weren't selling enough records in America. They wouldn't risk big bucks on us because a band that was vaguely similar wasn't selling."

Clive is convinced that Twelfth Night could be much bigger – particularly abroad – than Fish and Marillion.

"You've seen our show. We are far less parochial than Marillion. We could get across to any country. We are so much more visual."

ALTHOUGH they all played music for a long time, the band didn't start *properly* until January 1980, after the various members had left university.

For a long time they had day jobs and, said Clive: "We never thought about being world megastars until around 1981.

"We enjoyed playing but it was really only reaction from audiences that encouraged us to go further. People heard us at gigs and couldn't believe how good we were. We didn't believe it either! But people kept coming up and saying: 'Well, when are you playing Hammersmith Odeon?' And then we realised we were on to something worth doing."

It wasn't until late 1980 that they first went to play a non-university gig.

"We were scared witless," said Clive.

They played a pub full of hard core bikers and it turned out to be a turning point in their fortunes . . .

"The whole punk thing had split the pub circuit into new wave or Heavy Metal pubs. We had to go into the Heavy Metal pubs and we were a bunch of ex-college students playing quite complex music, which was certainly Genesis-orientated. We were playing purely instrumental music then, all wearing white with Clive on six-string guitar. We weren't exactly leather jacket types. We set up our lights and backdrops and we won them over. They went mad. We were doing everything the music critics said we shouldn't."

At first it was impossible to get gigs, but once they'd finally cracked promoter resistance, they were re-booked at every show. Some became regular haunts, like Bicester, scene of their first triumph. What did it all prove?

"It showed there was a market for us," said Clive. "And we learnt that to really break through we had to be a vocal band."

But no A&R man would look at them. They were encouraged in their early days by writer Neil Hooper who voted their demo tape the finest of 1980 and claimed they were the 'best band in the world, apart from Genesis.' But he was a lone voice, crying in the media wilderness.

"At least we impressed people when we played live," said Brian. "The fans were lined up at the front with their mouths open not believing what they were hearing. A lot of Heavy Metal fans could relate to Andy's guitar work. There are certain sequences where he gets very heavy and rock fans still buy our 'Live At The Target' album at the rate of 40 copies a week."

GEOFF MANN, living in Salford, near Manchester, had problems working with the band, mainly because of his location. He wrote their lyrics and made his vocal debut with them at the Reading Festival in 1981 where he wore full army uniform and harangued the audience.

"Nobody knew quite what to make of it," said Brian. "They couldn't believe this guy, and we had a fantastic reception."

"It was the start of shock tactics," said Clive. "People come along with a preconceived idea of what they expect to see from early Genesis, Yes type bands. It's the old 'Progressive Rock' tag. And then we walk on. I look like a transvestite Kajagoogoo person or, as someone said, a flat chested Bo Derek!"

"We actually enjoy putting on a show," said Brian. "When you are basically instrumentalists it's quite fundamental to have

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TWELFTH NIGHT

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something to look at. And also we like to perform like a U2 band with lots of energy, even though the music is pretty complex. We felt quite natural about moving onto a sharper stage image."

"We are definitely looking FORWARD," said Clive firmly. "If you take us, Pallas and Marillion as part of a new wave of Progressive Rock, Twelfth Night is the one band that looks as if it belongs to 1984. The other bands are doing a marvellous job re-creating something and there is a big market for it. But what we're doing is taking what was around in the Seventies, bringing it up to date and taking it further. We aren't frightened to visually shock people."

Money is their biggest problem. Could they earn a living playing music?

"No," said Brian simply. "We sleep on people's floors when we go on tour. And equipment doesn't get repaired. But we still put on the best show for a group at our level."

More important than hassles over the gear, however, is the band's essentially moral stance. Geoff, a Christian and an artist, left the group because he couldn't equate any measure of rock success with his beliefs. And the rest of the group, while not practising Christians, go along with many of his ideas . . .

Said Clive: "We're not a political or religious band, we're essentially moral . . . *not* amoral. We're anti other people messing around with people's lives pointlessly. You could say we're a bunch of loony lefties, or God squaddies, but if you look at our lyrics – that's how we feel about life."

DID BEING near Greenham Common in the heart of 'Nukeshire' concentrate their minds?

"We're surrounded," said Clive. "We've got Greenham Common *and* Aldermaston. There are five nuclear weapons factories around Reading, and an unmarked RAF base which is referred to in our song 'Deep In The Heartland'."

Said Brian: "Geoff wrote the words to that and part of his problem was that all of his lyrics came out as if they'd been filtered through a dictionary. It was difficult to understand what he was getting at. Being an intellectual, he tended to use big words and it all became a bit obscure.

"There's no way the lyrics are pseudo-intellectual, though. They *are* intellectual. The man is an intellectual. That's NATURALLY how he writes. Fish's lyrics are far more pseudo in the sense that he dresses up words in a very deliberate, superficial, glossy way. Geoff wrote from the heart."

The new singer will cope with the old lyrics for a while but the band intend to spend the whole of April writing new lyrics which will form the basis for their next album. It's time Twelfth Night got their skates on.

"We did have a strong local following," admitted Brain, "but I think they may have moved on to different things because of the perpetual 'Twelfth Night On Verge Of Big Break' stories in the local paper. Fans get depressed if they support you, expecting to end up with you at Hammersmith Odeon, and you haven't quite got there. They start losing confidence in their own ability to judge. People can't understand why we haven't got a major record deal. It's an impossible question to answer . . ."

W.A.S.P

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loins, he and Chris had come together in an even more bizarre outfit called Sister, a portentous alliance that quickly led to all manner of onstage debauchery. Word has it they even chewed up the odd worm. True?!

"Yeah, it's true!" Again that laugh rattles out of the receiver. "I'm *never* gonna live that one down, am I?!"

A CRITICISM oft levelled at the LA scene is that the local bands are more into striking poses than chords, more into munching worms than rivets, you might say, which may well be true of certain outfits but when it comes to the likes of Warrior, Malice, Mötley Crüe, Black 'N' Blue, Ratt *and* W.A.S.P purely musical credentials are simply too strong to ignore.

"Well, this group was based on *music*," asserts Blackie, "it was originally a recording project and the show developed later."

Quite so, though there's no denying that, today, W.A.S.P are very much a visual entity, a complementary crew "as close to penitentiary inmates as possible" who live hard and play their music the same way. There was talk a while back that they might be opting for a toned down image but that, Blackie swears, won't happen; indeed, he's already letting his mind run amok on future, no doubt fetid, plans . . .

"We want to do some things now that will be better left till later," he teases, "but we've already taken an evolutionary step away from studs. I used to go onstage in 30 or 40 pounds of 'em but now I'm almost naked. In this case, however, less is most definitely *more*!"

In full regalia, rising from the ground like an animated junkyard, Blackie certainly cuts an imposing figure. Too much, it seems, for certain impressionable females to handle . . .

"Guys really don't want their girlfriends to come to the shows," he explains, "they keep them at home locked in a cupboard. So now our audience is more male orientated; it works out about 60/40 percentage wise and roughly 13-25 in age."

Still, verdant males may soon be able to bring home a little souvenir for that hog-tied sweetheart, as Blackie sees no good reason why the codpieces and the sawblades (forged in *real* metal, of course!) shouldn't be on sale at the gigs. One of the latter, I'm assured, has already been set aside for *Kerrang!* office use and *your* big chance to acquire said *objets d'eath* may not be long in coming as – though nothing has yet been confirmed – W.A.S.P certainly won't be neglecting the UK market.

"We should come over to do *Top Of The Pops*," proclaims Blackie with missionary zeal, "give them a taste of a genuine Yankee institution!"

THAT I'M not so sure about, but one thing looks certain; when W.A.S.P do make their move they won't be supporting anyone. They did open for Nazareth not so long ago on the West Coast, and got on well with them apparently, but from this point on they're determined to go out and do their own shows – blood 'n' guts rock 'n' roll from the other side of the tracks. The greasy pole of success is gripped firmly between their knees and they aren't about to slide back now . . .

"I've got a plaque at home which I made six years ago after the Dolls broke up. I look at it when I get depressed. It says: 'If you quit now you'll be just like them – NOTHING'. And the 'NOTHING' is written in pennies."

With a major *Capitol Records* deal signed, sealed and delivered, with Maiden manager Rod Smallwallet now marshalling their affairs and with a five minute slot in the 'Rage War' movie already in the can, I don't see Blackie spending many more hours with pennies in his eyes. W.A.S.P's "very good, bad, bad taste" is currently creating quite a buzz . . . watch out for the sting!

W.A.S.P. (from left): Chris Holmes, Blackie Lawless, Tony Richards, Randy Piper

SINGLES

1	1	JUMP **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
2	26	LOVE TIMES LOVE **Heavy Pettin** (Polydor)
3	4	BLUE LIGHT **David Gilmour** (Harvest)
4	16	BAD BOY **Quiet Riot** (Epic)
5	2	RUN RUNAWAY **Slade** (RCA)
6	8	NIGHT OF THE HAWKS **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
7	13	HERE WE GO ROCK 'N' ROLL **Spider** (A&M)
8	—	I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU (TILL I SAW YOU ROCK 'N' ROLL) **Rock Goddess** (A&M)
9	3	PUNCH & JUDY **Marillion** (EMI)
10	5	WARHEAD **Venom** (Neat)
11	7	ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE **Scorpions** (Harvest)
12	—	MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS **Tokyo Blade** (Powerstation)
13	6	PHOTOGRAPH **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
14	9	EYES IN THE NIGHT (ARRIVE ALIVE) **Pallas** (Harvest)
15	—	SEND DOWN AN ANGEL **Bronz** (Bronze)
16	10	SHOOTING SHARK **Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
17	11	ALL HELL'S BREAKIN' LOOSE **Kiss** (Casablanca import)
18	14	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
19	12	HOLD BACK THE NIGHT **Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
20	—	MY BABY LOVES A VAMPIRE **Bernie Tormé** (Zebra)
21	15	BIRD OF PARADISE **Snowy White** (Towerbell)
22	20	FREEWHEEL BURNING **Judas Priest** (CBS)
23	17	SAILING TO AMERICA **Saxon** (Carrere)
24	24	HOLD ON TO LOVE **Gary Moore** (Ten)
25	19	1984 **Spirit** (Mercury)
26	18	BURNING IN THE HEAT **Girlschool** (Bronze)
27	21	MIDNIGHT PROMISES **Mama's Boys** (Spartan)
28	27	GIVE ME MORE TIME **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
29	—	OLD TIME ROCK 'N' ROLL **Bob Seger** (Capitol)
30	23	ARE YOU READY **Samson** (Polydor)

TOP ROCK & HM ALBUMS

15 Years Ago (April 5, 1969)

1 GOODBYE **Cream** (Polydor)
2 ROCK MACHINE I LOVE YOU **Various** (CBS)
3 YOU CAN ALL JOIN IN **Various** (Island)
4 STONEDHENGE **Ten Years After** (Deram)
5 FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT **Family** (Reprise)
6 GUTBUCKET **Various** (Liberty)
7 LED ZEPPELIN **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
8 BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS **Blood, Sweat & Tears** (CBS)
9 BEGGAR'S BANQUET **Rolling Stones** (Decca)
10 FRESH CREAM **Cream** (Reaction)

10 Years ago (April 6, 1974)

1 OLD, NEW, BORROWED & BLUE **Slade** (Polydor)
2 QUEEN 2 **Queen** (EMI)
3 BURN **Deep Purple** (Purple)
4 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
5 THE HOOPLE **Mott The Hoople** (CBS)
6 SLAUGHTER ON 10TH AVENUE **Mick Ronson** (RCA)
7 THE FREE STORY **Free** (Island)
8 SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND **Genesis** (Charisma)
9 A NICE PAIR **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
10 STARLESS AND BIBLE BLACK **King Crimson** (Island)

5 Years Ago (April 7, 1979)

1 DESOLATION ANGELS **Bad Company** (SwanSong)
2 BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
3 JAZZ **Queen** (EMI)
4 OVERKILL **Motorhead** (Bronze)
5 TOTO **Toto** (CBS)
6 STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT **UFO** (Chrysalis)
7 LIVE AND DANGEROUS **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
8 LIVE AT THE BUDOKAN **Cheap Trick** (Epic)
9 VAN HALEN II **Van Halen** (Warner Bros)
10 KILLING MACHINE **Judas Priest** (CBS)

ALBUMS

1	—	FUGAZI **Marillion** (EMI)
2	—	ABOUT FACE **David Gilmour** (EMI)
3	—	LOVE AT FIRST STING **Scorpions** (Harvest)
4	1	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
5	2	VICTIMS OF THE FUTURE **Gary Moore** (Ten)
6	12	GREAT WHITE **Great White** (EMI America)
7	3	THE SENTINEL **Pallas** (Harvest)
8	7	HAWKWIND **Hawkwind** (Liberty)
9	5	HAIL TO ENGLAND **Manowar** (Music For Nations)
10	4	SLIDE IT IN **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
11	17	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
12	8	UNCHAINED **Thor** (Ultra Noise)
13	22	OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
14	—	TAKEN BY STORM **Bronz** (Bronze)
15	39	VIOLENCE & FORCE **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
16	6	LIVE & LET LIVE **Twelfth Night** (Music For Nations)
17	10	PENETRATOR **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
18	—	METAL QUEEN **Lee Aaron** (Attic)
19	14	ANIMAL GRACE **April Wine** (Capitol)
20	16	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
21	20	HOLY DIVER **Dio** (Vertigo)
22	9	CRUSADER **Saxon** (Carrere)
23	13	THE RODS LIVE **The Rods** (Music For Nations)
24	—	THROUGH THE FIRE **HSAS** (Geffen)
25	23	FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
26	24	THE AMAZING KAMIKAZE SYNDROME **Slade** (RCA)
27	15	TOUR DE FORCE **38 Special** (A&M)
28	25	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
29	21	HEADING FOR A STORM **Vandenberg** (Atco)
30	11	MINI LP **Hellion** (Music For Nations)
31	18	DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH **Judas Priest** (CBS)
32	29	BALLS TO THE WALL **Accept** (Portrait)
33	45	GUITAR ALLEY **Santers** (Ready Records)
34	31	PRICELESS **Lisa Price** (Mirus)
35	40	COSMIC FANTASY **Alien** (Ultra Noise)
36	26	OUTSIDE THE LAW **Lloyd-Langton Group** (Flicknife)
37	—	BERNIE TORMÉ LIVE **Bernie Tormé** (Zebra)
38	19	WHITE FLAMES **Snowy White** (Towerbell)
39	27	SUBJECT **Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
40	33	SEE YOU IN HELL **Grim Reaper** (Ebony)
41	36	90125 **Yes** (Atco)
42	48	TEASING EYES **Jade** (Zaphia)
43	32	LIVE AT THE MARQUEE **Stray** (Gull)
44	28	THE REVOLUTION BY NIGHT **Blue Oyster Cult** (CBS)
45	30	ONCE BITTEN . . . TWICE SHY **Shy** (Ebony)
46	—	DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN **Samson** (Polydor)
47	34	BARK AT THE MOON **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
48	35	BACK TO BACK **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
49	43	SHOW NO MERCY **Slayer** (Metal Blade/ Roadrunner)
50	37	PREPARE TO DIE **Slayer** (Rainforest)

IMPORT ALBUMS

1 BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
2 OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
3 PENETRATOR **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
4 METAL QUEEN **Lee Aaron** (Attic)
5 THROUGH THE FIRE **HSAS** (Geffen)
6 GUITAR ALLEY **Santers** (Ready Records)
7 COSMIC FANTASY **Alien** (Mongol Horde)
8 TEASING EYES **Jade** (Zaphia)
9 SHOW NO MERCY **Slayer** (Metal Blade/ Roadrunner)
10 PREPARE TO DIE **Slayer** (Rainforest)

PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . .

DANTE BONUTTO
'ANIMAL (I . . . LIKE A BEAST)' W.A.S.P. (Capitol 45)
'HEARTBEAT CITY' Cars (Elektra)
'MALICE' Malice (demo)

GEOFF BARTON
'N.E.W.S' Golden Earring (21 Records import)
'TWELVE INCHES ON TAPE' Yes (Atco cassette single)
'NO MERCY' Bullet (Heavy Metal Worldwide)

MALCOLM DOME
'THROUGH THE FIRE' HSAS (Geffen import)
'ANIMAL (I . . . LIKE A BEAST)' W.A.S.P. (Capitol 45)
'HEARTBEAT CITY' Cars (Elektra)

XAVIER RUSSELL
'IN YOUR DIRECTION' Ratt (track from the 'Out Of The Cellar' LP on Atlantic)
'CALL OF CHUTULU' Metallica (track from the 'Ride The Lightning' LP on Music For Nations)
'TOO MUCH BLOOD' Rolling Stones (track from the 'Undercover' LP on Rolling Stones Records)

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DISTRIBUTED by Spotlight Magazine Distribution Ltd, 1 Benwell Road, London N7. Tel: 01-607 6411

TYPESET by Marlin Graphics Ltd, Orpington, Kent

PRINTED by Severn Valley Press Ltd, Caerphilly, Mid-Glamorgan

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SUBSCRIPTIONS
To receive Kerrang! for one year (26 issues) in the UK, please send a cheque/ money order for £30 made payable to Spotlight Publications to: **Kerrang! Subscriptions, Morgan Grampian plc, 30 Calderwood Street, London SE18 6QH.**
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